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E. Reginald M. C. Dix.

THE
IRISH
BIRTHDAY-BOOK.

SELECTIONS
FROM THE SPEECHES AND WRITINGS OF IRISH
MEN AND WOMEN, BOTH CATHOLIC
AND PROTESTANT.

ARRANGED BY
"MELUSINE."

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
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78-24-MeS.

Dedicated

(WITHOUT PERMISSION !)

TO

IRISH PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.

1977-11

TO IRELAND.

“The nations have fallen, and thou still art young—
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
And though slavery’s cloud o’er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin ! O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade !”

TOM MOORE.

PREFACE.

IN this IRISH BIRTHDAY-BOOK there is no prose in May or June, because they are the months in which, with fresh leaves, pure bright flowers and sunnier skies, all Nature seems to breathe poetry.

It may interest the readers of this little book to know that the cover is made of Irish linen.

The design in gold is intended to symbolize the Memory of the Past—Faith for the Present—Hope in the Future.

The ancient Irish were Fire-worshippers (like some of their ancestors, the Persians), and “the Sunburst” was the fanciful name given by them to the Royal banner. Thomas Davis alludes to this when he says of King Dahi,—

“On the rich deck he lies,
O’er him his sunburst flies.”

Waterford was called the Harbour of the Sun—
“Cuan-na-grioth.”

The rays of sunlight from the Cross are an adaptation of the old sunburst, so as to bring it

into harmony with Present, Future, and Christian Past.

Surely these wise and tender thoughts of great and good Irish people ought to inspire us, and help us, while we rejoice that we can claim Erin as our own, to love her more deeply, and strive more earnestly for the honour and advancement of her cause.

That all true children of our dear Irish motherland who read these pages may heartily bless the day when first they entered upon their National Inheritance, and never be found unworthy of this privilege of Irish Birth, is the earnest prayer of

MELUSINE.

June 27, 1883.

THE NEW YEAR.

“Who, that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!—
Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there,
A name, that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place!”

THOMAS MOORE.

JANUARY.

“ Not always the winter ! not always the wail !
The heart heals perforce where the spirit is pure !
The apple-tree blooms in the glens of Imayle ;
The blackbird sings loud by the Slane and the Suir !
Not always the winter ! not always the moan !
Our fathers, they tell us, in old time were free :
Free to-day is the stag in the woods of Idrone,
And the eagle that fleets from Loch Lein o'er the Lee !
The blue-bells rise up where the young May hath trod ;
The souls of our martyrs are reigning with God !
Sad mother, forgive us ! yon skylark no choice
Permits us. From heaven he is crying, ' Rejoice ! ' ”
AUBREY DE VERE.

January 1

"The Patriot, when he battles for his country in the senate or the field, thinks but of one object—the freedom and the glory of his fatherland; but He who inspired him with that lofty love had higher interests still in view, even the interests of the entire earth, and of generations yet unborn."—JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

"Too long we fought for Britain's cause,
And of our blood were never chary;
She paid us back with tyrant laws,
And thinn'd the homes of Tipperary."
THOMAS DAVIS.

January 2

"I value that Parliamentary constitution by the average of its benefits, and I affirm that the blessings procured by the Irish Parliament in the last twenty years are greater than the blessings afforded by British Parliaments to Ireland for the last century; greater even than the mischiefs inflicted on Ireland by British Parliaments; greater than all the blessings procured by these Parliaments for their own country within that period."—HENRY GRATTAN, in 1800.

"At whose musical voice,
Come the seals from the deep,
The stag from the mist-crag,
The thrush from the tree."
Very old Irish air, "Bridget O'Halloran."

January 3

"He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the later growth as well as first-fruits, at the altar of Truth."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish bards, for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!"
D. F. MACCARTHY.

January 1

Edmund Burke born, 1730.

January 2

January 3

January 4

"There exists a large class of men who would have us believe that the days of great universities are gone by. . . . In such a theory I am a confirmed unbeliever; the living voice of a great Teacher possesses to-day in my mind the same mighty influence that it wielded in the days of Socrates, of Abelard, and of Albertus Magnus."—JOHN DILLON.

"I saw him next amid the best and noblest of our isle—

There was the same majestic form, the same heart-kindling smile;

But grief was on that princely brow—for others still he mourn'd—

He gazed upon poor fetter'd slaves, and his heart within him burn'd."—"The Spirit of the Nation."

(Duffy and Sons, Publishers.)

January 5

"A better woman never looked with a tearful eye or a batin' heart along the waters—like all tender people, the trouble is seldom altogether away from her; the *could* only look to themselves, the *kind* have a pulse for all the world."

MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Still in your heart's dear record

Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;

To you it is bequeath'd—assert the trust,

And to his worth 'tis all you can—be just."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

January 6

"For the next two weeks, awaiting the result of this trial, all things stood still in Ireland, except the famine, and the 'addresses of confidence' from landlords, and the typhus fever, and the clearing of estates, and the wail of the Banshee!"—JOHN MITCHEL.

"What matter that at different shrines

We pray unto one God,—

What matter that at different times

Our fathers won this sod,—

In fortune and in name we're bound

By stronger links than steel;

And neither can be safe nor sound,

But in the other's weal."—THOMAS DAVIS.

January 4
Archbishop Ussher born, 1580.

January 5

January 6

January 7

"I walked with him a piece of the way, and I thought all pleasure in sight left my eyes when he waved the last wave of his hat on the top of the hill."

"Ireland," by MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Oh ! may your dove-like soul on whitest pinions
Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions,
Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide thee—
And oh ! my grief, that I am not beside thee !"

"A Munster Keen," by EDWARD WALSH.

January 8

"Christ is risen from the dead, our hope ! and our hope is to rise with Him ; translated from glory to glory, until we behold His face, unshrouded and unveiled, and be happy for ever in the contemplation of God. This is our hope ; yours and mine."—The Very Rev. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P., the Great Dominican.

"Oh ! brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in Thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above !"

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON.

January 9

"My country was my Idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment ; and for it I now offer up myself, O God !"—ROBERT EMMET.

"And, as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh, my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of
souls,

Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear."

THOMAS MOORE.

"No, whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn."

THOMAS MOORE.

January 7

January 8

January 9

January 10

"In fine, I think the situation of Ireland a paramount consideration. If they were to be the last words I should ever utter in this house, I should say, 'Be just to Ireland, as you value your own honour ; be just to Ireland, as you value your own peace.'"—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"I bless you for the pleasant word
 When your heart was sad and sore—
 Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
 Where grief can't reach you more !"
 COUNTESS OF GIFFORD.

January 11

"He'd tell sometimes of how things were mending, how there was much bitterness going out of the country ; and though there was no talk of Temperance then, he saw plain enough, that if men would keep from whisky they'd forget to be angry. And every minute, even while I trembled for the life of his body, the peace and love that was in him made me easy as to the life of his soul."

"Ireland," by MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL.

"See you scale life's misty highlands,
 By this light of living truth !
 And with bosom braced for labour,
 Breast them in your manly youth ;
 So when age and care have found you,
 Shall your downward path be smooth."
 SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

January 12

"The evening of life I choose to pass in a quiet retreat. Ambitious projects, intrigues and quarrels of statesmen, are things I have been formerly amused with, but now they seem to be a vain, fugitive dream."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"Faint not ! for thee a pitying future waits !
 Advance !
 Be wise, be just, with will as fixed as Fate's.
 Advance !"
 DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

January 10

January 11

January 12

January 13

"Grattan made it a rule, as he said, 'never to defend himself at the expense of his country,' and he displayed the same zeal and the same eloquence as when his popularity was greatest."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Man should be ever better than he seems,
And shape his acts, and discipline his mind
To walk adorning earth, with hope of heaven."

AUBREY DE VERE.

"For *union* and peace to old Ireland I pray."

JOHN KEEGAN.

January 14

"Unflinching attachment to the principles of justice, unswerving obedience to the dictates of honour, unalterable loyalty to rectitude and duty;—these were the characteristics that distinguished him! and these were the qualities that cast their redeeming light round his failings and his errors, and wrung from the bitterest of his foes the tribute due to suffering worth."

On W. SMITH O'BRIEN, in "Speeches from the Dock."

"Stand together, brothers all!

Stand together, stand together!

To live or die, to rise or fall,

Stand together, stand together!"

"Spirit of the Nation."

(Duffy and Sons, Publishers.)

January 15

"If Ireland were in national health, her history would be familiar by books, pictures, statuary, and music to every cabin and shop in the land; her resources as an agricultural, manufacturing, and trading people would be equally known, and every young man would be trained, and every grown man able to defend her coast, her plains, her towns, and her hills—not with his right arm merely, but by his disciplined habits and military accomplishments."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"And Thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways

Are far above our feeble minds to understand,

Sustain us in these doleful days,

And render light the chain that binds

Our fallen land!"—J. CLARENCE MANGAN.

January 13

January 14

January 15

January 16

"During the darkest days of Spanish persecution in Holland, some Freedom was left to the Corporations of the States of the Netherlands. But I am sorry to say that I recognize to-day a situation in Ireland, and an action by the executive authorities in this country, which does not propose to leave even the members of this ancient Corporation (Dublin) the right of expressing their thoughts and opinions with regard to public policy."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL (Aug. 16, 1882).

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the Past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

THOMAS MOORE.

January 17

"Come here, Catholic, and if any man preach to you the hateful creed of religious fanaticism, bring him to the feet of Grattan, and tell him wherever else this hideous spirit of religious discord may find a home, it cannot find a place in the land whose generous sons have enthroned to-day the figure of a Protestant Patriot."—A. M. SULLIVAN (Jan. 6, 1875).

"So let it be! O men bright soul'd and gifted
With mind and strength to lead the march of right,
Keep still aloft the banner you have lifted,
Still speak the words that flash with Freedom's light."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

January 18

"Whole neighbourhoods were often thrown out upon the highways in winter, and the homeless creatures lived for a while upon the charity of neighbours; but this was dangerous, for the neighbours were often themselves ejected for harbouring them. The Irish are peculiarly attached to their homesteads; and like all people of poetic temperament, surround their homes and hearths with more tender associations than a race of duller perception could understand."

JOHN MITCHEL.

"Let them who scorn'd the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore!"

"Spirit of the Nation."

January 16

January 17

January 18

January 19

"In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Heaven ! to think of the thousands far better than I,
Who for thee, sweetest mother, would joyfully die !
Then to reckon the insult—the rapine—the wrong !
How long, God of love !—God of battles, how long ?"
WILLIAM DRENNAN.

"For ever the souls of thy wanderers crave
To return to the land they love best,
That their wings may be folded at last in the grave,
In their own blessed isle in the West."
ELLEN FORRESTER.

January 20

"Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the arrangement, the Union (of England and Ireland), as it was carried, was a crime of the deepest turpitude."
W. E. H. LECKY.

"Our fatherland requires our cares,
Our work with man, with God our prayers ;
Spurn blood-stain'd Judas-gold for it,
Let us do all that honour dares,
Be earnest, faithful, bold for it."
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

January 21

"Oh ! what lessons of loving-kindness are to be learned in Irish cottages—hospitality without display, and that true generosity which takes from its own necessities to relieve the necessities of others."—MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Still hold to truth, abound in love,
Refusing every base compliance—
Your praise within, your prize above,
And live and die in self-reliance."
THOMAS DAVIS.

January 19

January 20

January 21

January 22

"It is true, as I declare that I desire the restoration of our Irish Parliament, I would sacrifice my existence to restore to Ireland her independent Legislature ; but I do not desire to restore precisely such a Parliament as she had before."

O'CONNELL on "Repeal of the Union."

"Yours was the good brave heart
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone."
"Lament of the Irish Emigrant."

January 23

"To those who, from superior energy and ability, can teach the people, we now address ourselves."

THOMAS DAVIS on "Education."

"With that pleasant smile thou wearest,
Thou art gazing on the fairest
Wonders of the earth and sea :
Do thou not, in all thy seeing,
Lose the memory of one being
Who at home doth think of thee."
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

January 24

"He loved his country ; he saw it in danger, and passion touched his heart, and its fountains opened, and the sacred stream gushed forth unsolicited and free."

JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

"She's not a dull or cold land ;
No ! she's a warm and bold land ;
Oh ! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine."

THOMAS DAVIS.

January 22

January 23

January 24

January 25

“‘It’s soon ended now,’ she said, ‘and not much to tell ; but the poor have more trials than the mere want of food ; and I’ve often thought that when the rich and the stranger laugh at their rags, or turn from them in disgust, they don’t think that, maybe, the heart beating under them has a *dale* of feeling.’”—MRS. S. C. HALL.

“Too long with rash and single arm
The peasant strove to guard his eyrie,
Till Irish blood bedew’d each farm,
And Ireland wept for Tipperary.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

January 26

“We should have heard few eulogies of the honourable character of the Irish policy of Pitt, if English writers were not accustomed to judge Irish politics by a standard of honour very different from that which they would apply to English ones.”—W. E. H. LECKY.

“Our Parliament did sit
Then in our native land,
What good came of the loss of it
I cannot understand ;
Although full plain I see,
That changes not a few
Have fallen on the country
Since this old cap was new.”

SIR S. FERGUSSON.

January 27

“Man is a compound of contrarieties, which breed a restless struggle in his nature, between flesh and spirit, the beast and the angel, earth and heaven, ever weighed down and ever bearing up.—BISHOP BERKELEY.

“And thus you’ll find the sternest soul
The deepest tenderness concealing,
And minds that seem to mock control,
Are order’d by some fairy feeling.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

January 25

Hon. Robert Boyle born, 1627.

January 26

January 27

January 28

"Loyalty distinct from liberty is corruption, not loyalty."

HENRY GRATTAN.

"Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles ;
None could ever act that part,
But had a Fury in her heart.

DEAN SWIFT.

January 29

"No ; I do not despair of my poor old country—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up—to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being, as she is now, the meanest beggar in the world—to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime."

"Speeches from the Dock," T. F. MEAGHER.

"On our side is virtue and Erin !
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt."

THOMAS MOORE.

January 30

"The constant language of English ministers and members of Parliament created the impression abroad that Ireland was in need of alms, and nothing but alms, whereas Irishmen themselves uniformly protested that what they required was Repeal of the Union, so that the English might cease to devour their substance."—JOHN MITCHEL.

"I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But oh ! they love the better still
The few our Father sends !"

"Lament of the Irish Emigrant."

January 28

January 29

January 30

January 31

"Let us do no injury to any one. . . . I have no doubt but bright days are about to dawn upon our country. Persevere, then ; see what your rights are. Assert them in open day. Tell the Government what you want, and say you will never cease till you get it. I am proud of Tipperary, but I am especially proud of Tipperary's imprisoned member, John Dillon."

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL
(May 16, 1881).

"*Knowledge* will lead you to the dazzling heights ;
Tolerance will teach and guard your brothers' rights."
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

January 31

FEBRUARY.

THE MONTH OF THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS.

“ The church of Dungannon is empty once more—
No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor.
But the councils of England are flutter'd to see,
In the cause of their country, the Irish agree ;
So they give as a boon what they dare not withhold,
And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,
With a name, and a trade, and a flag of her own,
And an army to fight for the people and throne.
But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears
She surrender the guns of her brave Volunteers ! ”

THOMAS DAVIS.

February 1

"If I meet a scoundrel in the street, and raise my hat to him, and thus show him a mark of respect, I add a mite to the sum total of scoundrelism which exists in every country, and which, when it too greatly preponderates over the good therein existing, drags down that country to ruin."

JOHN DILLON.

"I know this span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness—
Not to be wiled away in aimless dreams."

AUBREY DE VERE.

February 2

"There is in the Irish nature a wonderful spring and an intense vitality."—JOHN MITCHEL.

"I said, 'To other lands I'd roam,
Where fate may smile on me, love ;'
I said, 'Farewell to my old home !'
And I said, 'Farewell to thee, love !'
Gille machree,
Sit down by me ;
We now are join'd, and ne'er shall sever ;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever !"

GERALD GRIFFIN.

February 3

"The exiled ones of our race ! The first sentiment that warms their hearts and rises to their lips is that of Ireland a Nation ! The cause of our national independence is a grand and ancient cause—genius has glorified it, sacrifice has perpetuated it, death has sanctified it."—THOMAS SEXTON.

"Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done ;
Her ripe eyes of blue were crystals of dew,
| On the grass of the lawn before the sun,—
And, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?"

EDWARD WALSH.

February 1

February 2

February 3

February 4

"Such is the rapid outline of a code of laws which reflects indelible disgrace upon the English character, and explains but too clearly the cause of that hatred in which the English name has been so long held in Ireland."

"History of the Penal Laws," written by
HENRY PARNELL in 1808.

"Then daintily the strong, bright boy he led
Across the banquet-hall, and placed him there
Beside his mother's knee."—DEIRDRE.

February 5

"In that day it will be remembered for me, though a prison awaits me now, that I was one of those journalists of the people who, through constant sacrifice and self-immolation, fought the battle of the people, and won every vestige of liberty remaining in the land!"

A. M. SULLIVAN, State Trials, 1868.

"And they, the poor exiles, across the deep sea,
Their loving hearts always turn fondly to thee;
Far, far tho' their wandering footsteps may roam,
Their hearts, dear old Erin! their hearts are at home."

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

February 6

"Few facts in Irish history are more certain than that the Irish Parliament would have carried emancipation if Lord FitzWilliam had remained in power, and that the recall of that nobleman was one of the chief causes of the rebellion of 1798."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Hapless nation! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn;
Warfare of six hundred years—
Epochs marked with blood and tears."

DR. DRENNAN.

February 4

February 5

February 6

February 7

"A cause with such a record cannot fail ; the best faculties of our race have been expended in its service, the best blood of our people has been shed in its behalf ; men have served that cause who have made the prison cell a shrine of fame, and the scaffold a place of honour."—THOMAS SEXTON.

"What need I sigh for pleasure gone,
The twilight eve, the rosy dawn ?
My heart is changed as much as they—
'Tis winter all when thou'rt away !"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

February 8

"There is also a constant tendency—especially among intellectual people—to underrate those whose genius is employed chiefly in action, especially when the lower orders are subjects of that action."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Ah ! if their hearts were callous, and if their souls were
mean,
If selfish thoughts could sway them, not such their fate
had been ;
They felt their country's sorrow, and dream'd that dream
of light,
To change her grief to gladness, her gloom to glory bright."
"The Captives," by T. D. SULLIVAN.

February 9

"Happiest is he who judges and knows books, and nature, and men (himself included), spontaneously or from early training ; whose feelings are assessors with his intellect, and who is thoroughly in earnest."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Who, in the winter night, *soggarth aroon*,
When the cold blast did bite, *soggarth aroon*,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon ?"—JOHN BANIM.

February 7

February 8

February 9

February 10

"The English people possess many inestimable blessings of freedom ; they have the reality of a free constitution, the envy of the world. Its miserable parody is sometimes seen on the Irish shore."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding ;
For thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh ! can *such* hope be vain ?—
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again."—THOMAS DAVIS.

February 11

"I will not believe that Irishmen are so degraded and utterly lost as this. The earth is awakening from sleep ; a flash of electric fire is passing through the dumb millions. Democracy is girding himself once more like a strong man to run a race ; and slumbering nations are arising in their might, and 'shaking their invincible locks.' Oh ! my countrymen, look up ! look up !" —JOHN MITCHEL.

"I soon shall be gone, though my name may be spoken—
When Erin awakes and her fetters are broken."
J. J. CALLANAN.

February 12

"Thus philosophy is weak ; but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here. To Religion we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort."—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"Bright blue eyes ! bright blue eyes !
Closed in death, no more to glow ;
Bright blue eyes I so much prized
In happy hours long ago !"

R. N. S. DELVIN.

February 10

February 11

February 12

February 13

"Henry Grattan was twenty-nine years of age when he entered on politics, and in seven years he was the triumphant leader of a people free and victorious after hereditary bondage."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"I'll not reveal my true-love's name ;
 Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—
 But oh ! may Heaven, my grief to quell,
 Restore the hero safe and well !
 My hero brave, ma ghile, m'fhear ;
 My kindred love, ma ghile, m'fhear ;
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,
 Since cross'd the seas ma ghile, m'fhear."

EDWARD WALSH.

February 14

"And thoughts whose source is hidden and high,
 Like streams that come from heavenward hills,
 Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
 To be bathed by those eternal rills—
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !"

THOMAS MOORE.

"And, maiden ! start not from the brow
 That thought has knit, and passion darken'd,
 In twilight hours, 'neath forest bough ;
 The tenderest tales are often hearken'd."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Remember thee? Yes ; while there's life in this heart !"

THOMAS MOORE.

February 15

"On the 15th of February, 1782, the delegates met at Dungannon. There is no similar assembly recorded in history, whether we consider the importance of the subject of their deliberations, the power they possessed, or the moderation with which they used it."—THOMAS MACNEVIN.

"The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
 From off our neck is taken ;
 Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
 With fear was England shaken."

THOMAS DAVIS.

February 13

February 14
Valentine's Day.

February 15
The Volunteers at Dungannon, 1782.

February 16

"In the past century, and prolonged into the present, the title was well recognized of the 'English interest,' and that is—if not as strong—as determined to-day as when Swift and Berkeley denounced it one hundred years ago!"

JOHN DILLON (August 16, 1882).

"We must not fail, we must not fail,
However fraud or force assail;
By honour, pride, and policy,
By Heaven itself!—we must be free!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

February 17

"England maintains in Ireland a very large garrison; some are uniformed as policemen, some as soldiers, some as militia, and some wear the ermine!"—T. M. HEALY.

"Irishmen! Irishmen! think what is Liberty,
Fountain of all that is valued and dear,
Peace and security, knowledge and purity,
Hope for hereafter and happiness here.

"Irishmen! if we be true to our promises,
Nerving our souls for more fortunate hours,
Life's choicest blessings, love's fond caressings,
Peace, home, and happiness, all shall be ours."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

February 18

"This chieftain of the Celtic race (O'Connell), though endeared to his own co-religionists and devoted to the altar of his own faith, was yet a splendid example of all-reaching tolerance, for in his great Irish heart there was room for every man of Irish mould—Catholic, Protestant, and Dissenter."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"'My soul!' he cried, 'disowns
The barren doctrine that would dry
The springs of kindly charity,
That hopeth all things, in the breast.'"

"Destiny," by M. J. SERRANO.

February 16

February 17

February 18

February 19

"Of Edmund Burke it may be truly said that there is scarcely any serious political thinker in England who has not learnt much from his writings, and whom he has not profoundly influenced either in the way of attraction or in the way of repulsion."—W. E. H. LECKY,

"In your sweet bosom bright
Shines the pure sunny light,
As on your smooth brow, graceful ever !
And oh ! could I say
You're my own—from this day,
Death's contest should frighten me never."
A County of Clare Peasant Song.

February 20

"When I return to my native land, I come back from a country that is free to a country which is enslaved ; I come back from a country that is prosperous to a country that is poor ; I come back from a country which is contented to a country that lies tossing on a bed of pain."

T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Let no desire of ease, no lack of courage, faith, or love
delay
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees ;
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others roll'd."

SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON,

February 21

"The Irish people have a past to boast of, and a future to create."—JOSEPH F. O'CARROLL.

"Guard her comfort as 'tis worth,
Pray to God to look down on her,
And swift as cannon shot go forth
To strive for Freedom, Truth, and Honour."
THOMAS DAVIS.

February 19

February 20

February 21

February 22

"Let us remember that very much depends upon our action for the future. If we will reap the results of what we have gained, we must recollect how we have gained ! That it is by the determination and the spirit of self-sacrifice of our people that we are as we are to-day."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"Alanna ! alanna ! the shadow of shame,
Has never yet fallen on one of your name ;
And oh ! may the food from my bosom you drew,
In your veins turn to poison, if *you* turn untrue."
A Ballad of '98, called "The Patriot Mother."

February 23

"Warm will be the welcome which the country will have for John Dillon, whose dauntless spirit has never quailed before those long and cruel imprisonments, which have told heavily on the frail frame, but not on the fiery soul within."

"Freeman's Journal."

"But, hark ! some voice like thunder spake :
'*The West's awake, the West's awake !*'
Sing oh ! hurra ! Let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake."

THOMAS DAVIS.

February 24

"If you felt the deepest and the keenest interest in our country, it was because you saw we were the most afflicted and the most cruelly and sorely tried nation in the world."

THE MOST REV. DR. NULTY to JOSEPH COWEN.

"The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
And more than I ask for or wish for is there,—
But I must not taste the good things I see,
There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."

JOHN KEEGAN.

February 22

February 23

February 24

February 25

"In every eye I see the soul of a new spirit—not mere Land Leagueism, not merely selfish interests, but the grand ideal possessing your souls, that you will not be content as slaves, but that you are *determined* to make your country a Nation amongst the nations of the earth."

REV. M. SHEEHY.

"Oh, dear ones, faithful to the last I live,
Now to the gods my guaranty I give,
And be ye strong and valiant, for no more
Can Illan shield you."—DEIRDRE.

February 26

"In Cork we have a bridge which bears the name of Parnell! Mr. Parnell is building up another bridge of Patriotism upon which every Irishman of whatever creed can walk in peace and amity."

CHARLES DAWSON, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

"Yes, we shall see this land of ours
What it was meant to be,
With all its honours, rights and powers,
A Nation proud and free ;
Its woes shall cease, its joys increase,
Its fame shine forth anew,—
But Englishman, we say again,
No thanks for that to you !"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

February 27

"Mr. Parnell has all the qualifications of leadership in an Irish movement, and I am content with being a freelance in Ireland's cause."—MICHAEL DAVITT.

"The Patrick discoursed of the things to be
When time gives way to Eternity,
Of kingdoms that cease, which are dreams not things,
And the Kingdom built by the King of kings."
AUBREY DE VERE.

February 25

February 26

February 27

February 28

"The country is at the present moment passing through a severe and trying crisis, and all the power, all the interest, all the courage, and all the good sense of the leaders of the agitation is required to lead her in safety on !"

T. P. O'CONNOR.

"Who in Erin's cause would stand
Brother of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain, and sweat, and bloody peril."

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSSON.

February 29

"We confidently appeal to the Irish tenant farmers not to be selfish, not to think only of themselves, but to remember that Michael Davitt appealed to them on the plains of Mayo just two years ago, and put upon their shoulders the burden of recovering for Ireland her rights of Nationhood."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"There shall no vain pretender be,
To court thy smile and torture me ;
No proud superior there be seen,
But Nature's voice shall hail thee, Queen."

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

February 28

Whitley Stokes born.

February 29

MARCH.

“ A youthful giant March is,
A giddy boy and gay,
As, striding through the forest,
He shakes the trees in play.
He sweeps around the hill-top,
And scuds across the moor,
And whirling round the corner,
He whistles at the door.
Rattling at the window, whistling at the door,
Oh ! the merry, merry March wind
Is whistling at the door.”

ELLEN FORRESTER.

March 1

"Irish hearts are as open to friendship as they are steeled against intimidation or menace."

ARTHUR O'CONNOR, in 1804.

"I glean'd the grey legend that long had been sleeping
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory."

J. J. CALLANAN.

March 2

"One of the great questions is how to find an outlet for Irish manufactures. We ought to be an exporting nation, or we never will be able to compete successfully with our trade rivals."—E. D. GRAY.

"And, undismay'd, you sons of trade might see the battle's front,
Who bravely bore, nor bow'd before, the deadlier face of want."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

March 3

"The old love of learning, which the awful incubus of the Penal Laws had so long repressed, burst forth fresh as ever."

JOSEPH F. O'CARROLL.

"History's lessons, if thou'lt read 'em,
All proclaim this truth to thee :
Knowledge is the price of Freedom,—
Know thyself, and thou art free."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 1

Margaret Stokes born.

March 2

March 3

March 4

"The passionate aspiration for Irish nationhood will outlive the British Empire."—JOHN MITCHEL.

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !"

THOMAS MOORE.

"But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do ;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it, too !" —M. J. BARRY.

March 5

"The prisoners have been provided for. We have been generously fed while in captivity by the contributions of our countrymen. And as one of those who lived for six months solely upon those contributions, I may say that no bread which I ever have eaten tasted sweeter than the bread supplied to me in Kilmainham by the generous and spontaneous gift of my countrymen."—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"Still shalt thou be my midnight dream,
Thy glory still my waking theme ;
And every thought and wish of mine,
Unconquer'd Erin, shall be thine !"

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

March 6

"We all know that the only way in which labour in any shape can be protected from gross oppression and from starvation wages, is by union amongst those who labour."

JOHN DILLON.

"There are lands where manly toil
Surely reaps the crop it sows,
Glorious woods and teeming soil
Where the broad Missouri flows."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"What breast was the foremost in courting the danger ?
What door was the widest to shelter the stranger ?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 4

Robert Emmet born, 1778.

March 5

March 6

March 7

"To be a good Patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"God prosper the cause !—oh, it cannot but thrive
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain."
THOMAS MOORE.

March 8

"The people must take diligent care to procure books on the history, men, language, music, and manners of Ireland for their children."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding Light,
To cheer our strife for Liberty,
And teach us to unite !"
"Spirit of the Nation."
(Duffy, Publishers.)

March 9

"Neither in the human countenance nor in anything else is there any absolute and independent beauty or ugliness. . . . We admire or dislike a face for the human *mind* that lies behind it."—AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES.

"The angels that dwell far above in the skies
Look down on it often with pitying eyes,
But no nation on earth is so sorely oppress'd
As the home of my boyhood, dear Land of the West."
ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

March 7

March 8

March 9

March 10

"The 'process' was a veritable terror—the message of approaching destruction. And now (1880) the issue of those missives against the beggared and starving people grew to enormous proportions."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"How thrive we by the Union?
 Look round our native land;
 In ruin'd trade and wealth decay'd
 See Slavery's surest brand."
 "The Spirit of the Nation."

March 11

"Surely, by the Irishman of the present day, it ought to be felt an imperative duty, which he owes to his country not less than to himself, to learn something at least of her history, her literature, and her antiquities; of her position in past times, when she had a name and a civilization, *a law and life of her own*."—EUGENE O'CURRY.

"To know that in our heart there dwell
 Some seeds of the men of story;
 Oh, blame me not, if I love to tell
 Of Erin's ancient glory!"
 "National Newspaper."

March 12

"I know of no finer or more noble sight than this of a man who has striven for years in this world—standing against evil according to his lights and his abilities—receiving from the coming generations a token of their affectionate reverence."—JOHN DILLON.

"The poet sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore repeats,
 The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his war-like feats;
 Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
 Each god-like mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside."
 DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 10

March 11

March 12

Bishop Berkeley born, 1685.

March 13

"I despise him who can timidly or meanly acquiesce in injustice."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"I will give thee every hour,
Every day shall be thy dower ;
In the splendour of the light,
In the watches of the night,
In the shine and in the shower,
I shall work but for thy right."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 14

"Now our future depends upon the action of the people of Ireland !"—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"When did his promise die ?
When did his power deny ?
Answer to Freedom's cry
Gasping in prison ?
Always in face of woes,
Always at front of foes,
Always as Moses rose
Manhood has risen !"

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

March 15

"The American people have done more than justice. We have passed through times of enormous difficulty and desperate political struggles, and the Irish in America have never hesitated to put their hands deep into their pockets and help us in the fight we were waging ; we must now come together and show that we are determined to help ourselves."

JOHN DILLON.

"Like us, make Erin's cause your own."

DR. DRENNAN.

March 13

March 14

Mr. Parnell brought in his new Land Bill, 1883.
Rejected by Mr. Gladstone.

March 15

March 16

"Every human being is born to influence some other human being ; or many, or all human beings, in proportion to the extent and power of the sympathies, rather than of the intellect."—MRS. JAMESON.

"For whatsoever Love adores,
Becomes what Love desireth."
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 17

"It came upon me that I should invoke *Helia*, and meanwhile I saw the sun rising in the heavens ; and while I was calling out '*Helia!*' with all my might, behold the splendour of the sun fell upon me, and immediately dashed from me the oppressive weight. And I believe that it was from Christ my Lord that I earnestly sought assistance."

"The Confessions of St. Patrick."

"Oh, the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock !"
THOMAS MOORE.

March 18

"Men will not see that greatness depends, not on the intellectual or other strength of a man, but on the Freedom and Light of his soul—on the ascendancy of the Divine and Eternal within him over all that is perishable or natural."

ANONYMOUS.

"The outward form and inward vie
His soul bright beaming from his eye,
Ennobling every act and air,
With just, and generous, and sincere."

DEAN SWIFT.

March 16

March 17

St. Patrick's Day.

March 18

March 19

"*Comte* says that the only true and firm friendship is that between man and woman. . . . The too early severance of the sexes in education, places men and women in such a relation to each other, socially, as to render such friendship difficult and rare."—MRS. JAMESON.

"Columbia the free is the land of my birth,
And my paths have been all on American earth;
But my blood is as Irish as any can be,
And my heart is with Erin, afar o'er the sea."
T. D. SULLIVAN.

March 20

"The *Sidhe* (pronounced *Shee*) were called spirits of the hill, because supposed to come out of pleasant hills; they were also supposed to come in the breeze, the musical sighing of which was thought to be their voices."

MRS. S. C. HALL'S "Ireland."

"Where are thy heroed bands?
Thou Queen of the emerald plain!
Where are thy golden-hilted brands
That gleam'd in the gallant Dalcassians' hands,
And Brian's kingly train?"
HARDIMAN'S "Irish Minstrelsy."

March 21

"Ireland owes no debt to Britain; and she has the right which every country has, to have her own money spent within her own borders."—JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

"Till ends the strife in Liberty,
Till stands the race redeemed and free,
And all the isle from sea to sea
Is one bright field of glory!"
T. D. SULLIVAN.

March 19

March 20

March 21

March 22

"This combat must go on like the spiritual combat. They say that if you relax for a moment in the terrible spiritual combat you are undone ! So it is with this Land organization ; we must continue vigilant, active, unswerving, watching every movement, and taking care that in everything the interests of the people and tenants of Ireland shall be protected and upheld."—THE MOST REV. DR. NULTY.

"'Tis the Landlord's *Notice*—that thing of fear,
Renew'd, sustain'd through the live-long year,
Chilling my life-blood hour by hour,
With the blighting threat of a deadly power !"
T. D. SULLIVAN.

March 23

"The Celts appear to have *retained* in a purer form the elementary superstitions of the East."—JAMES WILLS.

"Oh ! had I the wings of a bird
To soar through the blue, sunny sky,
By what breeze would my pinions be stirr'd ?
To what beautiful land should I fly ?"
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

"I love thee, poor and suffering as thou art,
Land of the tender, proud, and faithful heart !"
ELLEN FORRESTER.

March 24

"Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called '*Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*,' or the knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania."—O'HALLORAN.

"Music ! through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the blest sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to *Liberty* !"
THOMAS MOORE.

March 22

March 23

March 24

March 25

"Ireland seems a grand exception ! She is perhaps the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man,—she is, again, the only nation that never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood."—VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

"Her heart is so given to Erin, its freedom, its beauty, its songs,
That she smiles but for Ireland's successes, and weeps but
for Innisfail's wrongs !"

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

March 26

"He (Davis) thought it shame and sin that our old island should be devoured by strangers ; that the people of the ancient clans, who had once taught half the schools and won half the battles in Europe, should send tribute of corn and cattle—as Athens did of old to Crete—tribute also of her genius and her energy, to swell the pride and power of an inferior race."—JOHN MITCHEL.

"So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade."

THOMAS DAVIS.

March 27

"Is there an army in any part of the world, who, after fighting a brave fight and winning a brilliant victory, would desert their wounded comrades on the field of battle ? My friends, the evicted tenants of Ireland are the wounded of our field of battle."—T. D. SULLIVAN.

"No art of selfishness
Thy generous nature knew ;
Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bliss
Constant and true."

JOHN F. MURRAY.

March 25

March 26

March 27

March 28

"It was said, and very beautifully said, that 'one man's wit becomes all men's wisdom'—even more true is it that one man's virtue becomes a standard which raises our anticipation of possible goodness in all men."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Are they not all thy children, that bright legion—
Of aspirations, and all hopeful sighs
That in the solemn train of grave Religion
Strew heavenly flowers before man's longing eyes?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 29

"I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of Freedom—her first, fresh matin song, after a long night of slavery, degradation, and sorrow."—THOMAS MOORE.

"There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters
fann'd;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the
yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

March 30

"A man who has no sense of God or conscience, would you make such a one a guardian to your child? If not, why a guardian to the State?"—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"The great old river heaved its mighty heart,
And, with a solemn sigh, went calmly on;
As if of all his griefs it felt a part,
But knew they should be borne, and so had gone."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

March 28

March 29

March 30

March 31

"My good friends, guard yourselves against division ; be watchful of those who seek to divide you."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"With deep affection and recollection,
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

March 31

APRIL.

"Oh, hark ! for the April showers
Are dancing upon the earth,
Like the dance of the elves in their hidden bowers,
In the joy of their midnight mirth.

"Hark ! hark ! for the singing rain
Is kissing earth's opening flowers,
And hiding, like thoughts that live not in vain,
The promise of summer hours."

J. B. K., in "The Shamrock."

April 1

"England should have counted the cost before compelling the Irish people to take shelter in the arms of the mighty mother of freedom."—LADY WILDE.

"While, far away with those less dear, she tries to hide her
grief in vain,
For, kind to all while true to me, it pains her to give pain."
THOMAS DAVIS.

April 2

"Even while most miserable, I will believe in happiness; even while I do or suffer evil, I will believe in goodness; even while my eyes see not through tears, I will believe in the existence of what I do not see—that God is benign, that nature is fair, that the world is not made as a prison or a penance."—MRS. JAMESON.

"The girl has pray'd at her mother's grave,
And kiss'd that grave, and risen."
AUBREY DE VERE.

April 3

"When the field is covered with weeds and briars, some preliminary work is needed before the seed can be sown and the harvest reaped."—WILLIAM DILLON.

"Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years,
Methinks I never could forget."
SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

April 1

April 2

April 3

April 4

"We heard a feeble voice exclaim, 'Dennis! Dennis! don't forget your mother—your poor old mother.'"

MRS. S. C. HALL'S "Ireland."

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

April 5

"That what I love, and do now in my soul possess, should cease to be—there is the pang, the terror! I desire that which I love to be immortal, whether I be so myself or not."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Will bring the summer back again,
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Doinnall then?"

DENNY LANE.

April 6

"My son, I cannot explain this to you; it is a mystery of God; and there is no faith where there is no mystery."

"Oh, Christ, of all the beauties of God it is true, 'The greatest of these is charity.'"—"FATHER TOM BURKE"
(The Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O.P.).

"Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam,—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home."

THOMAS MOORE.

April 4

April 5

April 6

April 7

"Yes, thank God—thank God, for the sake of our poor country, where sectarian bitterness has wrought such wrong—it was an Irish Protestant Parliament that struck off the first link of the penal chains, and lo ! once more for a bright, brief day, Irish national sentiment was in warm sympathy and heartfelt accord with the laws."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"The maid with the glorious grey eyes
All fill'd with the lights and the shadows,
She caught from her own Irish skies."

ANONYMOUS.

April 8

"I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a woman which is not equally so in a man. I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature ; nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both."

DEAN SWIFT.

"If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere ;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here."

THOMAS MOORE.

April 9

"It is impossible a man who is false to his friends and neighbours should be true to the public."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

"Ere yet he fell, his hand on high
He raised, and benediction gave ;
Then sank in death content to die :—
Thy great heart, Erin, was his grave."

AUBREY DE VERE.

April 7

April 8

April 9

April 10

"In the Arts of Design, colour is to form what verse is to prose—a more harmonious and luminous vehicle of the thought."—MRS. JAMESON.

"Let the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine,
But work and win be thine
While you've life."

THOMAS DAVIS.

April 11

"There is one great resource in the hands of the Irish people—a resource which I am glad to say they are now beginning to use and to see the importance of—that of union and self-reliance."

The REV. JAMES CANTWELL, P.P.

"He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet."

THOMAS MOORE.

April 12

"Regrets are vain. Resolutions are fruitful. I prefer to bear in mind the words of a great American writer, when he said, 'Look not mournfully into the past ; it comes not back. Improve the present ; it is yours. Go forth to meet the future, without fear and with a manly heart.'"

CHARLES DAWSON, Lord Mayor of Dublin
(Aug. 15, 1882).

"Seven long years away,
Away from home and me ;
Seven full years to-day,
Since Willie went over the sea !"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

April 10

April 11

April 12

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy born, 1816.

April 13

"I feel confident that there is a glorious future in store for Ireland, and that, with a little patience, a little organization, and a full trust in God on the part of the Irish people, they will be enabled to obtain it at no distant date."

WILLIAM FRANCIS LOMASNEY.

"Man of Ireland, heir of sorrow,
Wrong'd, insulted, scorn'd, oppress'd,
Wilt thou never see that morrow
When thy weary heart may rest?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

April 14

"People were eloquent in their sympathy for the sufferings of cattle and horses *in Ireland*, who never were known to feel one throb of pity at the fashionable sin of torturing pigeons at Hurlingham."—JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

"My grandsire died, his home beside ;
They seized and hang'd him there ;
His only crime, in evil time
Your hallow'd green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue ;
And still they turn'd with hearts that burn'd
In hopeless love to you,

Dear land ! "

"The Spirit of the Nation."

April 15

"I do also forgive all those who had any hand in bringing me from Ireland to be tried here (England) ; where it was morally impossible for me to have a fair trial."

OLIVER PLUNKETT.

"Both mute—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died."

THOMAS MOORE.

April 13

April 14

April 15

April 16

"Amidst this starving peasantry, scores of political fugitives were now scattered, pursued by all the rigours of the Government, and with a price set on each head. Not a man — *not one* — of the proscribed patriots who thus sought asylum amidst the people was betrayed."

A. M. SULLIVAN, on the rising in 1848.

"May Ireland's voice be ever heard
Amid the world's applause!
And never be her flagstaff stirr'd,
But in an honest cause!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

April 17

"Mr. Michael Davitt was arrested! The news was received with exultation in the House, and with indignation by the Irish members, who strove to speak against it, and thirty-six were expelled from the sitting in consequence."

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY.

"God of Right, preserve us
Just—as we are strong;
Let no passion swerve us
To one act of wrong;
Let no thought unholy
Come our cause to blight;
Thus we pray thee, lowly—
Hear us, God of Right!"

M. J. BARRY.

April 18

"Such a condition of things lasting for eighty years, such a record on its brighter side of remedial legislation, such a record on its darker side of coercive legislation! *proves* that the experiment of government for Ireland by the *Parliament of Great Britain* has been a disastrous failure."

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

"I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree;
For he's constant and kind, and courageous in mind,
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be!"

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S "Ballad
Poetry of Ireland."

April 16

April 17

William Molyneux, b. 1656.

April 18

April 19

"Did he give up the cause? No! No faithful Irish bishop or priest ever did, or ever will, give up the cause of Ireland."—THE VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

"They are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn
is growing,
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds
are lowing;
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life
are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health
is blowing."—DENIS F. MACCARTHY.

April 20

"What a loss to a bookish man is the loss of *his own books*!—books in which you can turn to the place you want as easily as you thread the walks in your own garden."

JOHN MITCHEL.

"Stand together, brothers all!
Wait together, watch together!
See America and Gaul
Look on together, both together!
Keen impatience in each eye;
Yet on 'ourselves' do we rely!"
"The Spirit of the Nation."

April 21

"If it were not for the wretched condition of the country, it would have cost him comparatively little to retire from active life; for he possessed all the resources of happiness that are furnished by a highly cultivated intellect."

W. E. H. LECKY.

"Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!"

THOMAS MOORE.

April 19

April 20

April 21

April 22

“ ‘Nothing,’ said the sceptical Alciphron, ‘so much convinces me of the existence of another person as *his speaking to me.*’ ”—BISHOP BERKELEY.

“Beseech for all His aid,
Who knows what all should do.”

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

“ ‘Tis sweet to own a quiet hearth,
Begirt by constancy and mirth;
‘Twere sweet to feel your dying clasp
Return’d by friendship’s steady grasp.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

April 23

“I am one of the first willing to say ‘Let bygones be bygones; let the dead past bury its dead.’ But if any man—I care not who he be—if any man dare to say that England’s treatment of Ireland was just, was necessary, was such as can receive the verdict of an honest man or of an honest people, . . . if I were on my death-bed, I would rise up to contradict him!”

VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.

“And shall it last, this Union,
To grind and waste us so?
O’er hill and lea, from sea to sea,
All Ireland thunders, ‘No!’”

“The Spirit of the Nation.”

April 24

“Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with *redoubled heat* animate the country.”—HENRY GRATTAN.

“In the land of our fathers where you and I dwelt,
To be sure, cold and hungry we oftentimes felt—
But we had a *home*, and a spot where we lay
Our heads at the close of each sorrowful day,
Och, madrone!

Indeed, we saw many a sorrowful day.”

JOHN KEEGAN.

April 22

April 23

April 24

April 25

"The French had lost ten thousand men in vain attempts to take Barcelona ; at last the Irish regiments of Dillon dislodged the Spaniards from the neighbouring hills, and the capture of the city followed."

AUBREY DE VERE'S "Inisfail."

"Ah ! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows
Just as fresh as the stream ;
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream."

THOMAS DAVIS.

April 26

"I earnestly beg my countrymen in America to heal their differences, to unite in God's name for the sake of Ireland and Liberty."—MICHAEL O'BRIEN.

"Bear the sunshine and the shadow,
Bear the rain-drop and the snow,
Bear the night-dew to the meadow,
And to hope the promised bow."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

April 27

"Yes, this life of his—this career which I have traced—is a grand example for Irishmen through all time."

A. M. SULLIVAN, on "John of Tuam."

"When round Thy cherubs smiling calm
Without their flames, we wreath the palm,
O God ! we feel the emblem true,—
Thy mercy is eternal too !
Those cherubs, with their smiling eyes,
That crown of palm which never dies,
Are but the types of Thee, above,—
Eternal life, and peace, and love !"

THOMAS MOORE.

April 25

April 26

Irish Convention in America, 1883.

April 27

April 28

"This meeting was the work of a man whose name, whose labours and sacrifices and sufferings, must ever be associated with the emancipation of the tillers of the soil, and the overthrow of feudal landlordism in Ireland—Michael Davitt."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"'God of Justice !' I sighed, 'send your Spirit down
On these lords so cruel and proud,
And soften their hearts, and relax their frown.'"

THOMAS DAVIS.

April 29

"'Both wit and understanding,' cried I, 'are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character; the ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart? An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"—"The Vicar of Wakefield."

"The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the Green;
He heard the tale, and felt it
His very soul within:
'Dread not that angry warning,
Though death be in its tone;
I'll save your life till morning,
Or—I will lose my own.'"

GERALD GRIFFIN.

April 30

"All accounts concur in representing him in private life as the simplest and most winning of mortals. The transparent purity of his life and character, a most fascinating mixture of vehemence and benevolence, a certain guilelessness of appearance, and a certain unconscious oddity, both of diction and gesture, gave a peculiar charm and pungency to his conversation."—W. E. H. LECKY on "Grattan."

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my king.
Now, father ! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordain'd it so."

CARROLL MALONE.

April 28

First Meeting of the Land League, 1879.

April 29

April 30

MAY.

**"The May-dew is falling through the sweet 'stilly night,'
When the stars shed around us their tremulous light,
When the zephyrs are rocking the wild flowers to rest,
And the song-bird has folded his wings in his nest.
Still with gentle caressing,
By night and by day,
On the earth, with a blessing
Fall the dew-drops of May."
"Songs of the Rising Nation," by ELLEN FORRESTER.**

May 1

"And all exclaim'd to all they met,
That never did the summer bring
So gay a Feast of Roses yet!"

THOMAS MOORE.

"At length arose o'er that isle of woes a dawn with a
steadier smile,
And in happy hour a voice of power awoke the slumbering
isle!
And the people all obey'd the call of their chief's un-
sceptred hand,
Vowing to raise, as in ancient days, the name of their own
dear land!"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 2

"Yes, we *have* strength to make 'Irishmen free again ;'
Only *unite*—and we'll conquer our foe ;
And never on earth shall a foreigner see again
Erin a province—though lately so low."

"The Spirit of the Nation."

"Need I say how much I love thee?
Need my weak words tell,
That I prize but heaven above thee,
Earth not half so well?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 3

"The mild Franciscans say—and sigh—
'Weep not except for Christ's sweet Passion !'
They never saw their Florence lie,
Like her I mourn, in desolation !"
AUBREY DE VERE, "The Irish Exile at Fiesole."

"I felt, altho' kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong arm ! brave heart ! oh, sever'd far from me,
By many a weary league of shore and sea !"
ELLEN FORRESTER.

May 1

May 2

May 3

May 4

"Will he not know this spring-time how I miss him?
 How, as I sink to sleep,
 The wild tears well with all my old 'God bless him,'
 And how I wake to weep."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

"Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art, shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile, thy bosom shall still be my home,
 And thine eyes be my climate wherever we roam."

THOMAS MOORE.

May 5

"Slaves! lie down and kiss your chains,
 To the *Union* yield in quiet;
 Were it hemlock in your veins,
 Stand it must—we profit by it."

"SLIABH CUILIAN," on remark in London "Times."

"When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle—
 As a sweet new sister hail thee—
 Shall these lips be seal'd in callous death and silence,
 That have known but to bewail thee?"

FANNY PARNELL.

May 6

"'Tis mournful news for Ireland."

Taken from "Dunboy,"
 by T. D. SULLIVAN.

"Then raise the woeful *Pillalu*,
 And let your tears in streams be shed,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!
 The chieftain's pride, his heir, is dead!"

J. CLARENCE MANGAN.

May 4

May 5

John Blake Dillon born, 1814.

May 6

May 7

"Thine eyes, which heaven entinted,
 Ne'er grudged the pitying tear,
 Sparkled whene'er 'twas hinted
 That I was drawing near.

"Thy face was e'er betraying
 Thine inmost thoughts to me ;
 While on thy lips were playing
 Bright sunny smiles of glee."

"G. M.," of Waterford.

"The heart that loves not knows not how to pray ;
 The eye can never smile that never weeps :
 'Tis through our sighs hope's kindling sunbeams play,
 And through our tears the bow of promise peeps."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 8

"O Irishmen ! never forget
 'Tis a *foreigner's farm*—your own little isle.

O Irishmen ! when will you get
 Some *life* in your hearts for your poor little isle ?"
 "Spirit of the Nation."

"But—calm, my soul ! we promised true
 Her destined work our land shall do ;
 Thought, courage, patience will prevail !
 We shall not fail !—we shall not fail !"

THOMAS DAVIS.

May 9

"Anchor in no stagnant shallow ;
 Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
 Where the tides are fresh for ever,
 And the mighty currents free :
 There, perchance, O young Columbus !
 Your New World of truth may be."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

The rain, the rain, the beautiful rain,
 Each drop is a link of a diamond chain
 That unites the earth, with its sin and its stain,
 To the radiant realm where God doth reign."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 7

May 8

May 9

May 10

"Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
 From the heart with a burst, like a wild bird in spring ;
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages."

THOMAS MOORE,

"Long be the day that gave you birth
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth."

DEAN SWIFT.

"Can our music no longer allure ?
 And can we but sob, as such wrongs we endure ?"

THOMAS DAVIS.

May 11

"Yes ! the summer is returning,
 Warmer, brighter beams are burning ;
 Golden mornings, purple evenings,
 Come to glad the world once more."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

"With mute, unvoiced confessings,
 To the Giver of all blessings
 I kneel, and with caressings
 Press the sod,
 And thank my Lord and Father,
 And my God."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 12

"And, from that time, through wildest woe,
 That hope has shone, a far light ;
 Nor could love's brightest summer glow
 Outshine that solemn starlight :
 It seem'd to watch above my head
 In forum, field, and fane ;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed,
 'A Nation once again.'"

THOMAS DAVIS.

"'Twas his own voice—she could not err—
 Throughout the breathing world's extent
 There was but *one* such voice for her,
 So kind, so soft, so eloquent !"

THOMAS MOORE.

May 10

May 11

May 12

May 13

“Love and Labour, Song and Art,
Be this the cheerful creed wherewith the world may start.”
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

“Oh, Suillebhain has come
Within sight of his home,—
He had left it long years ago ;
The tears are in his eyes,
And he prays the wind to rise,
As he looks towards his castle, from the prow, from the
prow,
As he looks towards his castle from the prow.”
THOMAS DAVIS.

May 14

“Never be down-hearted, boys, never know despair,
Never say dear Ireland is lost at last—
Keep the good old flag, boys, floating in the air,
The dawn is on its fringes and the night goes past!”
T. D. SULLIVAN.

“Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love’s language with sorrow’s sad tone ;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love, when I’m near thee, and grief when away.”
THOMAS MOORE.

May 15

“What might have been we cannot know,
If, in the long evanish’d years,
A generous heart was in the foe
That rush’d upon our fathers’ spears.

“But as the ages roll’d along,
One ruthless purpose still they knew ;
And ’midst the storms of hate and wrong
The Irish generations grew.”
T. D. SULLIVAN.

May 13

May 14

May 15

Michael William Balfe born, 1808.

May 16

"Hail, genial sun, propitious ray,
Parent of health, as well as day!
 Be soon thy beams with warmth inclined,
 To aid the friend of human kind;
 Ne'er did thy power on worthier head,
 Through all thy course, kind influence shed."

WILLIAM THOMPSON (1750).

"The trees in the zephyrs their graceful boughs swing
 Like banners, to welcome thee, beautiful Spring!"

ELLEN FORRESTER.

"A blessing, gentle Alice, upon thee!"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 17

"In the night, in the night, O my country, the stream calls
 out from afar;

So swells thy voice through the ages, sonorous and vast:
 In the night, in the night, O my country, clear flashes the
 star;

So flashes on me thy face through the gloom of the past."

AUBREY DE VERE.

"Thus clasp'd and prostrate all, with their heads together
 bow'd,

Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human sound—
 They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
 Like a river in the air gliding round."

"The Fairy Thorn," by SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

May 18

"We look'd upon that banner,
 And the memory arose,
 Of our homes and perish'd kindred
 Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
 We look'd upon that banner,
 And we swore to God on high,
 To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
 To conquer or to die."

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

"Oh! bright are the names of the chieftains and sages,
 That shine like the stars through the darkness of ages."

D. F. MACCARTHY.

May 16

A. M. Sullivan born, 1830.

May 17

May 18

May 19

"What, though they menace? Suffering men
 Their threats and them despise;
 Or promise Justice once again?
 We know their words are lies:
 We stand resolved those rights to claim
 They robbed us of before,
 Our own dear nation and our name,
 As Paddies evermore."

"Spirit of the Nation."

(Duffy, Publishers.)

"Fair moon! sweet stars! that softly smile on me,
 Oh, smile upon my friends across the sea."

ELLEN FORRESTER.

May 20

"There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there."

THOMAS MOORE.

"The rain upon our cottage thatch
 Is drifting noiselessly,—
 So soft may all life's tempests fall
 On you, my love, and me."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

May 21

"What lesson does the good hound teach?
 Oh! to be faithful each to each!
 What lesson gives the noble steed?
 Oh! to be swift in thought and deed!"

D. F. MACCARTHY.

"By many a Scottish moorland wide,
 By many an English river,
 Men loved of old their 'Good Saint Bride,'
 But Erin loves for ever!
 A sword went forth; thy fanes they burn'd!
 Sweet saint, no angers fret thee!
 There are that ne'er thy grace have spurn'd!
 There are that ne'er forget thee!"

AUBREY DE VERE.

May 19

May 20

May 21

May 22

"Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

THOMAS MOORE.

"A bark bound for Erin lay waiting; he enter'd like one in
 a dream:

Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the
 Shannon's broad stream.

'Twas an evening that Florence might envy, so rich was
 the lemon-hued air,

As it lay on lone Scatterry's island, or lit the green moun-
 tains of Clare."

D. F. MACCARTHY.

May 23

"I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
 I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs,
 I think I met some whom I loved as well,—
 But none who loved me like my darling Nell.
 She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
 But she smothers her grief within her mind;
 And when my spirit is soft and fond,
 She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"My Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
 We'd part no more, oh, *stor machree!*"

DENNY LANE.

May 24

"'Tis all a dream—the wrong, the strife,
 The scorn, the blow, the loss, the pain!
 Immortal gladness, love, and life
 Alone are lords by right and reign."

AUBREY DE VERE.

"Good night! good night! sleep soft, my tender dove,
 Curtain'd from fear of storm or any jar;

In everlasting guard of seraph love,

And watch'd by maiden eyes of moon and star:

Blessings upon thy rest I breathe afar,

Longing to send thee balmy slumber sweet,

And haply some fair dream."—WILLIAM WILKINS.

May 22

May 23

May 24

May 25

"The *Clairseach* wild, whose trembling string
 Had long the 'song of sorrow' spoke,
 Shall bid the wild *Rosg-cata* sing
 The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
 And, by each heart his bondage broke—
 Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
 Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke,
 The Saxon holds us slaves no more."

EDWARD WALSH.

"For well he loved, for Ireland's sake,
 To kindle thus the patriot flame,
 Or keep the burning zeal awake,
 In younger hearts that near him came."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

May 26

"Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
 No! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love by a standard like this!"

THOMAS MOORE.

"In the sacred cause of Freedom, sink all jealousy and spite;
 Fools may quarrel, who's to lead 'em, but the *true men*
 will unite."

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

May 27

"May 27, 1848.—On this day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I, John Mitchel, was kidnapped, and carried off from Dublin, in chains, as a convicted 'Felon.'"

"Jail Journal," by JOHN MITCHEL.

"And rend the cursed Union,
 And fling it to the wind—
 And Ireland's laws in Ireland's cause
 Alone our hearts shall bind!"

"The Spirit of the Nation."

May 25

May 26

May 27

May 28

"Only a smile from the one you love,
 Given at last to welcome you ;
 And you think the sky has open'd above,
 And all the world is born anew."

"The Irishman" Newspaper.

"Oh, happiest season ever seen,
 O day, indeed the happiest day ;
 Join with me, love, and with me say—
 Sweet summer time and scene."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

May 29

"The Castle? Never. Mark me well,
 For time shall prove the truth I tell :—
 No English troops shall ever find
 A shelter from the rain or wind,—
 No English preacher ever raise
 A canting hymn in England's praise,—
 No English council ever prate
 The weal or woe of England's state,—
 Nor *Irish slave* one hour enjoy,
 Beneath the roof of proud Dunboy."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

May 30

"So grant me, God, from every care,
 And stain of passion free,
 Aloft, thro' Virtue's purer air
 To hold my course to Thee !
 No sin to cloud—no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs :—
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings !"

THOMAS MOORE.

"God save our Native Land !
 May His strong sustaining Hand
 Be for aye her sure protection and her stay."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

May 28

Thomas Moore born, 1779.

May 29

May 30

May 31

"I have tasted all life's pleasures—I have snatch'd at all its joys—

The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise ;
Though wit flash'd bright the livelong night, and flow'd
the ruby tide,

I sigh'd for thee—I sigh'd for thee, my own fireside !"

D. F. MACCARTHY.

"I'll tell thee, for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one ! art far from me."

MRS. BUTLER.

May 31

JUNE.

**" Who comes with summer to this earth,
And owes to *June* her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand,
Can health, wealth, and long life command !"**
" The Irishman " Newspaper.

June 1

"To leave the world a name is nought ;
 To leave a name for glorious deeds
 And works of love—
 A name to waken lightning thought,
 And fire the soul of him who reads,
This tells above !"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

"He slew ten Princes who brake their pledges ;
 With the bribed and the base he scorn'd to carouse ;
 He was sweet and awful ; through all his reign
 God gave great harvests to vale and plain."

AUBREY DE VERE.

June 2

"To strive as they strove, yet retrieving
 The cause from all shadow of blame,
 In the congress of people's achieving
 A place for our nation and name ;
 Not by war between brothers in blood,
 But by glory made perfect through good."

LADY WILDE.

"Ah, when shall that glad moment gleam
 When all our hearts such spell shall feel,
 And blend in one broad Irish stream,
 On Irish ground for Ireland's weal?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

June 3

"Be patient ! oh, be patient ! for the germs of mighty thought
 Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be
 wrought ;

But, as sure as ever there's a Power that makes the grass
 appear,

Our land shall smile with Liberty, the blade-time shall be
 here." "Spirit of the Nation."

"O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west ;
 Give the light of your looks to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh ! be the shamrock of Erin forgot !"

THOMAS MOORE.

June 1

June 2

June 3

June 4

"Oh, look not so!—beneath the skies,
I now fear nothing but those eyes!"

THOMAS MOORE.

"Sleep, sleep, beloved! Angels take
The charge of friends, and happy make
Thy dreams, that they a foretaste be
Of day's most dear reality.
Friendless, forsaken, while I keep
Lone vigil, sleep, beloved, sleep!"

MARY J. SERRANO.

June 5

"Yet speak them oft, and oft again—
Yes, let them sound o'er vale and plain,
And echo on from hill to hill—
'The Priests are with the People still!'"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

"What opposite creeds come together!
How mingle north, south, east, and west!
Yet who minds the difference a feather?—
Each strives to love Erin the best."

M. J. BARRY.

June 6

"The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battlemented
tower,
Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag and
flower;
The brooklime and the watercress were evidence of health,
Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth."

"The Holy Wells," J. D. FRASER.

"How still and peaceful all things are,
Musing upon the things of heaven;
High in the blue the evening star
Is kindling, like a soul forgiven!"

WILLIAM WILKINS.

June 4

June 5

June 6

June 7

"When Tyrants dare to trample down
 The rights of those they rule ;
 When toiling men must meet the frown
 Of every lordling fool ;
 When laws are made to crush the weak,
 And lend the strong assistance ;
 When millions vainly justice seek."

M. J. BARRY.

"When once love and pride of your country ye cherish,
 The seeds of disunion and discord shall perish,
 And Erin, dear Erin, in loveliness flourish ;
 Awake then, awake, and lie dreaming no more !"
 DENVIR'S "Irish Library."

June 8

"A little bird sang in my ear,
 With voice prophetic, sweet, and clear,
 'Bright Freedom's happy day is near
 For Ireland and her people.'
 The people ! the people !
 God bless the Irish people !
 Through all their years of blood and tears,
 Old Ireland's gallant people."

DR. R. D. JOYCE.

"For Trust still lives, and Honour ne'er shall die
 Within my heart while life abides therein !"
 DEIRDRE.

June 9

"When times of better hope arise,
 And feuds are laid aside,
 When men have grown too calm and wise
For traitors to divide." M. J. BARRY.

"Give us the likeness of The Chief,
 Not in gaiety, nor grief ;
 Change not by your art to stone
 Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan."
 THOMAS DAVIS.

June 7

June 8

June 9

June 10

"Like the beauty of summer, his presence gave joy to our souls."—"Brian's Lament for King Mahon," translated by M. HOGAN.

"Oh, sadness, come to-morrow,
But leave me for to-day ;
Oh, drooping, tearful sorrow,
Your hour has pass'd away,
And narrow, selfish blindness
For this while be forgot ;
Yea, all the world's unkindness
This hour can touch me not."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

June 11

"O Ireland ! ancient Ireland !
Ancient ! yet for ever young !
Thou our mother, home and sireland—
Thou at length hast found a tongue—
Proudly thou, at length,
Resistest in triumphant strength,
The flag of freedom floats unfurl'd ;
And as that mighty God existeth ;
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,
Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

June 12

"True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

"But would you by your heart unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of this man ?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy,—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure."

THOMAS DAVIS.

June 10

June 11

June 12

June 13

"Bright sun, before whose glorious ray
Our pagan fathers bent the knee ;
Whose pillar-altars yet can say,
When time was young, our sires were free ;
Who seest how fallen their offspring be—
Our matrons' tears, our patriots' gore ;
We swear before high heaven and thee,
The Saxon holds us slaves no more !"
EDWARD WALSH.

"Thou—Thou that rul'st the peace, the war,
Keep us but Thine for evermore !"
AUBREY DE VERE.

June 14

"Think you the god-like brother of all men born
Can hold sweet Mangan or bright Moore in scorn ?
Think you his hand is slacken'd, nor returns
The grasp of Burns ?
Doubt not that even as aweless Byron stands
Flatter'd by favour at great Shakspeare's hands,
So—lull'd and loving—slumbers Irish ire
In Shakspeare's choir."
WILLIAM WILKINS.

"My drink was the burning red wine of thy wrongs;
Thy freedom my prayer and my dream."
ANONYMOUS.

June 15

"Brothers, I would have it known,
Shall our race, when years have fled,
Spurn the glory now their own,
Into English ways have grown,
English be in blood and bone,
Soul, or heart, or head ?
You can answer—so can I—
Making no delay whatever ;
One small word is the reply,
And the word is—Never !"
T. D. SULLIVAN.

June 13

June 14

June 15

June 16

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee."

THOMAS MOORE.

"She is a rich and rare land ;
Oh ! she's a fresh and fair land ;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver ;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine."

THOMAS DAVIS.

June 17

"When I am far away,
Be gayest of the gay ;
Too dear your happiness
For me to wish it less,
Love has no selfishness,
Eibhlin a rúin."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests
grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

June 18

"Wrapt in the hush of fervid June,
When purple hill and flowery lea
Lie slumbering in the lap of noon,
Oh, then, sweetheart, I think of thee !"

ELLEN FORRESTER.

"The shades resound with song, oh softly tread !
While a whole season warbles round my head."

THOMAS PARNELL.

June 16

June 17

June 18

K

June 19

" Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises,
 When all men their tribute bring thee?
 Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor,
 When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?"

FANNY PARNELL.

" For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;
 For thy dear sake I will wait patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains."

MRS. BUTLER.

June 20

" Brave heart, bold heart, and active brain !
 What hopes and griefs were like to thine ?
 Thou patient worker, whose design
 Was wrought till promised triumph shone
 Upon its summit—then again
 Was dash'd to ruin—gallant Tone !"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

" ' Land of song !' said the warrior bard,
 ' Tho' all the world betrays thee,
 One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee.' "

THOMAS MOORE.

June 21

" This warm air,
 Breathing soft odours ; yon blue sky,
 And all it bends o'er, bright and fair,—
 These have no part in misery."

M. J. SERRANO.

" The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows !
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwined ;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind."

THOMAS MOORE.

June 19

June 20

Theobald Wolfe Tone born, 1764.

June 21

June 22

"The noble-hearted sees in earth
A paradise before his eyes ;
The dreams to which his soul gives birth,
He fondly hopes to realize ;
He dedicates his burning youth
To glorify the majesty of Truth !"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

"And oh ! even if freedom from this world be driven,
Despair not—at least we shall find her in heaven !"

THOMAS MOORE.

June 23

"Fling our sun-burst to the wind,
Studded o'er with names of glory.
Worth and wit, and might and mind,
Poet young, and patriot hoary,
Long shall make it shine in story."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"But while I follow'd gain and fame,
And in the great world play'd my part,
I changed ;—but she remained the same ;
And now I think it broke her heart."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

June 24

"No matter for your foreign name,
No matter what your sires have done,
No matter whence or when you came,—
The land shall claim you as a son."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

"Freedom's bark to port is running,
But beware the lurking shelves ;
And would you conquer tyrants' cunning,
Brethren, conquer first yourselves."

R. D. WILLIAMS.

June 22

June 2

June 24

June 25

"It stirs me still, that solemn sight,
Of the proud old land made free,
Our flag afloat from her castles tall,
And the ships on the circling sea,
And the joyful voice, like a roll of drums,
Of the nation's jubilee!

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"Stand together, brothers all!
Proud together, bold together!
From Kerry's cliffs to Donegal,
Bound in heart and soul together!"
"The Spirit of the Nation" (DUFFY).

June 26

"Oh! why did you go when the flowers were springing,
And winter's wild tempests had vanish'd away,
When the swallow was come, and the sweet lark was singing
From the morn to the eve of the beautiful day?"—TINY.

"Oh! for a mountain-side,
Bucklers and brands,
Freely I could have died
Heading my bands;
But on a felon tree—!
Bearing a fetter key!
By him all silently, Emmeline stands!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

June 27

"Fill up—and with a lofty tongue
As ever spoke from steeple,
From shore to shore *his* health be rung—
The Leader of the people!
'The Leader of the people!'—Grand,
Yet simple wisdom guide him!
And glory to the men who stand,
Like sheathed swords, beside him!"

"Spirit of the Nation."

"Shall mine eyes behold thy glory? Oh my country!
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around me, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?"—FANNY PARNELL.

June 25

June 26

June 27

Charles Stewart Parnell born, 1846.

June 28

"A soul, too, more than half divine,
 Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
 Religion's soften'd glories shine,
 Like light through summer foliage stealing ;
 Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
 So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
 As makes the very darkness there
 More beautiful than light elsewhere."

THOMAS MOORE.

"Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread !
 Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er—
 That shout hath told, that tramp hath said,
 Our country's sons are slaves no more !"

EDWARD WALSH.

June 29

"If lovers read this antique tale,
 What need I speak of red or pale ?
 The fairest form and brightest eye
 Are simply those for which they sigh ;
 The truest picture is but faint
 To what a lover's heart can paint."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

"I never look'd on eyes that shed
 Such home-light mingled with such beauty,—
 That 'mid all lights and shadows said,
 'I love and trust, and will be true to ye.'"

THOMAS DAVIS.

June 30

"Wake, mother, wake, and here behold
 Thy children's genius shine !
 If triumph crown'd thy brow of old,
 To triumph still is thine ;
 And, while the nations own thy sway
 In many a peaceful field,
 Eclipse that sterner olden day,
 By Bardic lore reveal'd."—GRA MACHREE.

"Work truly thy work, whate'er it be,
 For Erin and immortality."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

June 28

June 29

June 30

JULY.

HOPE IN DEATH.

“ Descend, O Sun, o'er yonder waste,
O'er moors and meads and meadows :
Make gold a world but late o'ercast ;
With purple tinge the shadows !
Thou goest to bless some happier clime
Than ours ; but, sinking slowly,
To us thou leav'st a hope sublime,
Disguised in melancholy.

“ A Love there is that shall restore
What dreadful Death takes from us ;
A secret Love, whose gift is more
Than Faith's authentic promise ;
A Love that says, ' I hide awhile,
For sense, that blinds, is round you : '—
O well-loved dead ! ere now the smile
Of that great Love has found you ! ”

AUBREY DE VERE.

July 1

"There is another reason why we should interfere—we can speak with authority on this subject ; we are federalists ourselves ; we are experienced in the benefits of Home Rule ; we know what it means ; we know that it is our most precious possession ; that there is nothing we will part with with greater reluctance or more difficulty than *our* portion of Home Rule !" —HON. EDWARD BLAKE on "Ireland."

"Ottawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green Isle ! hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heavens and favouring air !"

THOMAS MOORE.

July 2

"To trust religiously, to hope humbly, to desire nobly, to think rationally, to will resolutely, and to work earnestly,—may this be mine." —MRS. JAMESON.

"Ulster and Munster unitedly,
Townsmen and peasant like waves of the sea,
Leinster and Connacht to victory—
Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty,
Shoulder to shoulder for Liberty."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"May Orange and Green no longer be seen
Bestain'd with the blood of our Island !"

EDWARD LYSAGHT.

July 3

"America is the great teacher of the nations, and her lessons will eventually lead the world." —LADY WILDE.

"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers ;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours !
But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link,
Our spirit to sink."

THOMAS MOORE.

July 1
Dominion Day in Canada.

July 2

July 3
Cork Exhibition opened, 1883.
Henry Grattan born, 1746.

July 4

"Circumstances are the rulers of the weak, they are but the instruments of the wise."—SAMUEL LOVER.

"All government, all exercise of power—no matter in what form—which is not based in love and directed by knowledge, is a tyranny. It is not of God, and shall not stand."
MRS. JAMESON.

"As well may they strive—but in vain—
To shackle the waves of the sea,
As to try by the force of their might to enchain
Our deathless resolve to be free!"
EUGENE DAVIS, in the "Nation."

July 5

"The love of praise and esteem may do something, but to make a true Patriot there must be an inward sense of duty and conscience."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"No rival's art can win by stealth
That love so frank and true."
ROSS E. TREVOR.

"And she is Irish heart and soul,
And longs for Ireland's Freedom too."
"ARTANE," from "The Irishman."

July 6

"Women govern us—let us try to render them perfect, the more so shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman, depends the wisdom of man. It is by woman that Nature writes on their hearts."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smiles had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert like them untrue."
THOMAS MOORF.

July 4

American Independence.

July 5

July 6

July 7

"Goldsmith was generous, improvident, and careless of money considerations to a culpable extent; yet we must remember that he ever steadily refused to prostitute his pen to party, or seek worldly advantage or the means of paying his debts by the sacrifice of his independence."

ALFRED WEBB.

"Let all unite for Ireland's right,
And drown our griefs in freedom's song,
Till Time shall veil in twilight haze,
The memory of those Penal days."

THOMAS DAVIS.

July 8

"The forms of loveliness and strength revealed to the inspired eyes of Homer, when he sang to shepherds and rude wayfaring men, assumed a dress of ivory or marble beneath the hands of Phidias, and when Athens arose it was but an embodiment of the magnificent and consummate beauty which his songs had rendered familiar to Greece."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"The youthful champion cried,
'Mother Ireland, widow'd bride,
If thy freedom can be won
By the service of a son,
Then behold that son in me.'"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

July 9

"Universities are, in fact, bound so to shape their training as best to draw out and encourage in their students all those qualities which go to make the perfect citizen of a Free State."—JOHN DILLON.

"On an Irish green hill-side,
. . . put no tombstone there,
But green sods, deck'd with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
'He served his country, and loved his kind.'
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so."

THOMAS DAVIS.

July 7

July 8

July 9

July 10

"And, boys, don't forget poor old Ireland; don't forget the old people at home, boys. Sure they will be counting the days till a letter comes from you. And they'll be praying for you, and we will all pray God to be with you."

REV. JAMES MCFADDEN, to the exiles of Glenveih.

"And where are her children, whose voices rose music-wing'd once from this spot?

And why are the sweet bells now silent? and where is the vine-cover'd cot?

'Tis morning—no mass-bell is tolling; 'tis noon, but no Angelus rings;

'Tis evening, but no drops of melody rain from her rose-colour'd wings."—DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

July 11

"At some moments, if I could, I would cease to love those who are absent from me—whose path in life diverges from mine—with whom I am united in the strongest bonds of sympathy while separated by duties and interests, by space and time."—MRS. JAMESON.

"One of those passing, rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which Fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll
In trance or slumber round the soul!"

THOMAS MOORE.

"On summer morns to hear the sweet birds sing—

By linn and lake,

And know your voice, your magic voice, could still—

A grander music wake!"

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

July 12

"Nor is it possible for any patriotic Irishman to contrast without emotion the tone which has been adopted towards his country by some of the most eminent writers of France, with the studied depreciation of the Irish character by some of the most popular authors, and by a large section of the press of England."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Let the bitter past *be* past,
With all its pain and sadness."

"Zozimus."

July 10

July 11

July 12

July 13

"In no other history can we investigate more fully the evil consequences which must ensue from disregarding that sentiment of Nationality which, whether it be desirable or the reverse, is at least one of the strongest and most enduring of human passions."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"I saw her once, one little while, and then no more ;
Earth look'd like heaven, a little while, and then no more ;
Her presence thrill'd and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more ;
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruin'd pile a little while, and then no more !"

J. CLARENCE MANGAN.

July 14

"Hope, courage, constancy, are the lessons taught by the lives of these martyrs to freedom, and the patriotic spirit that ruled their career is still awake and active in Ireland."

"Speeches from the Dock."

"Brothers thrive by brotherhood—
Trees in a stormy wood—
Riches come from Nationhood,—
Shan't we have our own again?
Munster's woe is Ulster's bane!
Join for our own again—
Tyrants rob as well as reign,—
We'll have our own again."—THOMAS DAVIS.

July 15

"Every human being is born to influence some other human being ; or many, or all human beings, in proportion to the extent and power of the sympathies, rather than of the intellect."—MRS. JAMESON.

"When the passion and the glory
Of the far-off future years,
Shone in radiant light before me,
Through the present dimm'd by tears."

LADY WILDE.

July 13

July 14

July 15

July 16

"There is something terrible and alarming in the moral tone of a class of men who loudly condemn their inferiors for sins to which they have no temptation, and of which they are too often indirectly the cause, and who condone freely the far worse crimes of those whose position should be their last excuse for the commission of evil."

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE.

"Oh, haggard crowd! wild, wasted, wandering flock,
Truth, justice, right, and manlike dignity,
Is trampled in the dust along with you.
Is there no help for this eternal war
That fate and laws and social usages
Still wage against the poor?"

"Speranza" (LADY WILDE).

July 17

"We are generally accustomed to believe that the Irish of Ulster, in the seventeenth century, were ignorant of all agricultural pursuits, including, of course, the management of domesticated animals. Our plantation records show us clearly enough that we have been mistaken to a very considerable extent in this conclusion. Their knowledge and management in such matters would fall far short, to be sure, of our present requirements; but, as compared with their neighbours, whether English or Scottish, it is pretty evident that the Irish of Ulster only wanted *peace* to enable them to excel both, as agriculturists."—REV. GEORGE HILL.

"All for Ireland, here are we,
All for Ireland's Liberty."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

July 18

"The frowning mountain heads, and delicate purple distances, and soft green levels, shading into the blue of river and lake, who can wonder at people who live here growing dreamy, for there is glamour over everything?"

ANNIE KEARY at Lough Corrib.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story."

FANNY PARNELL.

July 16

July 17

July 18

July 19

"Only Nature, speaking through no interpreter, gently steals us out of our humanity, giving us a foretaste of that more diffused, disembodied life which may hereafter be ours."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Sad eyes ! why are ye steadfastly gazing over the sea ?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

"A love so pure
That not a taint of selfishness was near,

'They beckon me !' she said 'I come ! I come !'"

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

July 20

"We think if the mother were heeded oftener, there would be more good men in the world than there are at present."—R. B. SHERIDAN.

"Oh ! mayest thou, if permitted, from above

The starry sphere,

Encompass me with ever during love,

As thou didst here ;

Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be

Unworthy thee !" — JOHN F. MURRAY.

"And as I watch the line of light that plays

Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,

I long to tread that golden path of rays,

And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest !"

THOMAS MOORE.

July 21

"'I'm sorry for your trouble.' 'Thank ye, and kindly too,' she replied. 'The Lord's hand is heavy on us both.'"

MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL'S "Ireland."

"So the lights in thy windows are darken'd,—

Wide windows to east and to west—

And the quiet forget-me-not blossoms

With heartseases over thy breast,

And grief is assuaged by the whisper

That thou art asleep and at rest."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

July 19

July 20

July 21

July 22

"He died, as a patriot might wish to die, crowned with honours and with years, with the love of friends and the admiration of opponents, leaving a nation to deplore his loss, and not an enemy to obscure his fame."

W. E. H. LECKY on "Grattan."

"Oh ! why did you leave us, Eoghan ? why did you die ?
Your troubles are all over, you're at rest with God on high !
But we're slaves, and we're orphans, Eoghan !—why did
you die ?"

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Sarsfield is dying on Landen's plain ;
His corslet met the ball in vain—
As his life-blood gushes into his hand,
He says, 'Oh ! that this was for fatherland !'"

THOMAS DAVIS.

July 23

"Take the statute-book of England, read over without note or comment the laws prevailing throughout that time, and say whether the utmost stretch of ingenuity, or the deepest depth of demoniacal passion, ever produced anything to outstrip that code."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"To God there is fragment none : nothing single ; no isolation :
The ages to Him are one ; round Him, the woe and the
wrong
Roll like a spiritual star, and the cry of the desolate Nation :—
The souls that are under the altar respond in music,
'How long ?'"

AUBREY DE VERE.

July 24

"Tell the Catholics, if I cannot speak, I can pray for them ; I shall then die contented. . . . God gave me talents to be of use to my country, and if I lose my life in her service, it is a good death."—HENRY GRATTAN.

"Erin ! loved land ! from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed, and free."

JAMES ORR.

July 22

Patrick Sarsfield died, 1693.

July 23

July 24

July 25

"If I can't unite with my fellow-countryman in believing what he believes, or rather to pare down my belief till it comes to nothing to suit him—am I therefore to say to him, 'Stand aside;' am I therefore to say to him, 'We have no common country. I have nothing in common with you?' Oh, no!"—VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

"Pulse of my heart, draw nearer, nearer;
The world may darken as it will,
But time shall only make thee dearer:
Let me clasp thee closer still!
Now, by our own bright hearth together,
In tranquil joy we sit at last."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

July 26

"St. Patrick found the Irish mind much better prepared, by its comparative civilization and refinement, to receive the truths of Christianity, than that of any other nation in Europe outside imperial Rome. The Irish were always—then as they are now—pre-eminently a reverential people, and thus were peculiarly susceptible of religious truth."

A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Let Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match the man of Tipperary!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

July 27

"His (Mr. Mill's) observations on the Irish land tenure system, and the condition of Ireland generally, had filled the hearts of many Irishmen with delight and wonder."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"And under our wall that was built of books,
The air was lit with a lady's looks.
"A muse-like being, she held herself,
As tall as I by the mantel-shelf,
While Charlie sat in a place apart,
Holding us both in his inmost heart."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

July 25

July 26

July 27

July 28

"Untimely? Was it, after all, untimely? Since when has it not been held the crown of a great career that the hero dies at the moment of accomplished victory?"

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"O, God bless the dear, dear College!
And my dear wild bright compeers,
Who guess'd not my thought as I faced them
With eyes on fire with tears:
For I thought of a voice that echo'd
Beside me oft in that hall,
And the silent grave-mould sinking
On the dearest face of them all."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

July 29

"We Irish are no race of assassins or 'glorifiers of murder.' From the most remote ages, in all centuries, it has been told of our people that they were pre-eminently a justice-loving people."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Farewell, oh, sweet singer! thy voice has departed,
But its echoes will live in the souls of the true,
To gladden and guide, until Erin, brave-hearted,
Shall sing the first pæan of her freedom for you."

"In Memoriam," by P. M. H.

"Joys from some serener star,
And heavenly-hued illusions gleaming from afar."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

July 30

"Grattan will teach you to avoid hating men on account of their religious professions or hereditary descent. From him you will learn principles which, if carried out, would generate a new state of society in Ireland."—DANIEL OWEN MADDEN.

"While she, far up the steep ascent,
Is compass'd round with light sublime,
Future and Past together blent
In God's own wondrous Present time;
No sorrow on her radiant brow,
She weeps not e'en our tears to see,
For present to her vision now
Is the glad meeting that shall be."
S. M. S., in "The Irish Monthly."

July 28

July 29

July 30
Eugene O'Curry died, 1862.

July 31

"Ireland has, in times past, contributed more than her due share of the public burdens ; she is still paying more than a fair proportion ; and of the large revenue raised in Ireland, not one-half is expended at home."—JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

"I know the peril ; I have lost
Ancestral lands and castles fair ;
I've paid down all the strife can cost
Except my life, and that I dare,
From day to day for Ireland's sake ;
I choose again the patriot's part,
And freely bid my country take
The last red life-drop from my heart."
T. D. SULLIVAN.

July 31

AUGUST.

" And statesman sits puzzled by statesman,
And the grand royal battle-hounds gloat,
For the nations stand arm'd in the darkness,
And wonder if God taketh note
Of all the hands fill'd with leash'd thunders,
Of all the swords bent at each throat !"

WILLIAM WILKINS.

" And now in heaven rise the stars,
And o'er the hill the misty moon ;
The ocean sounds along the bars
And sands, and sets the night-tide soon ;
Light gleams across the fields, and through
The old wood creeps the evening damp—
Let's draw the curtains and, anew,
Kindle the kindly fireside lamp !
For this is the Autumn yellow ;
Our hearts like the fruits are mellow :
Sing, spirit bright, of the fading light,
For this is the Autumn yellow !"

WILLIAM TWANLEY.

August 1

"Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the arrangement, the Union, as it was carried, was a crime of the deepest turpitude—a crime which, by imposing, with every circumstance of infamy, a new form of government on a reluctant and protesting nation, has vitiated the whole course of Irish opinion."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Could the chain for a moment be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then—
Oh ! 'tis not in man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again !

"But 'tis past ; and though blazon'd in story
The name of our victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free !"

THOMAS MOORE.

August 2

"The world knows little of the toil of the discoverer. It sees the climber jubilant on the mountain-top, but does not know the labour expended in reaching it."—JOHN TYNDALL.

"Oh ! see your quailing tyrant run
To courteous lies and Roman agents ;
His terror, lest Dunganon's sun
Should rise again with riper radiance.
Oh ! hark the Freeman's welcome cheer,
And hark your brother sufferers sobbing ;
Oh ! mark the universe grow clear,
And mark your spirit's royal throbbing,—
'Tis Freedom's God that sends such signs !"

THOMAS DAVIS.

August 3

"There is not a nation in the habitable globe which has advanced in cultivation and commerce, in agriculture and manufactures, with the same rapidity in the same period" (from 1782).—LORD CLARE, in 1798.

"Thou who hast left, as in a sacred shrine—
What shrine more pure than thy unspotted page?—
The priceless relics, as a heritage,
Of loftiest thoughts and lessons most divine,
Poet and teacher of sublimest lore."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 1

August 2

August 3

William Rowan Hamilton born, 1805.

August 4

"Ah! fatal hour for my prosecutors when they appealed to history! For assuredly, that is the tribunal that will vindicate the Irish people."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Oh, sorrowful fair land! shall we not love thee,
Whom thou hast cradled on thy bounteous breast?
Though all unstarr'd and dark the clouds above thee,
Thy children shall arise and call thee blest.
Never our lips can name thee, mother, coldly,
Nor our ears hear thy sweet, sad name unmoved;
And if from deeper pain our arms might fold thee,
Were it not well with us, oh best beloved!"

KATHARINE TYNAN.

August 5

"A talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me, and to the last moment of her life she took a zealous interest in the popular politics of the day."—THOMAS MOORE'S Autobiography.

"Like a swan on the billows, she moved in her grace,
Snow-white were her limbs, and with beauty replete,
And time on that pure brow had left no more trace
Than if he had sped with her own fairy feet."

JOHN O'NEACHTAN (1695).

August 6

"My gratitude to the manufacturers will be evinced if I can awake the people of Ireland to hope for a Repeal of the Union! If they once entertain hope, success will be neither remote nor difficult. . . . Ireland may become a Nation again, if we all sacrifice our parricidal passions, prejudices, and resentments on the altar of our country. Then shall your manufacturers flourish, and Ireland be free."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"A glorious triumph! a deathless deed!—
Shall the hero rest and his work half done?
Is it enough to enfranchise a creed,
When a Nation's freedom may yet be won?"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 4

August 5

August 6

Daniel O'Connell born, 1775.

August 7

"The interest of Cobden was not in scenery, or in art, or in ruins, but in men. He studied the condition of countries with a view to the manner in which it affected the men and women of the present, and through them was likely to affect the future. On everything that he saw he turned a quick and intelligent eye; and he saw for himself and thought for himself."—JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"Speechless! ay, speechless, for their Gaelic tongue
Is dead; as wanderers from some far-off age,
They strike the shores of human life, to wage
A too unequal fight with toil and wrong."

"The Assisted Emigrants," by CHARLOTTE
G. O'BRIEN.

August 8

"He who tramples on the past does not create for the future. We ask Irishmen to find other quarries than churches, abbeys, castles, and cairns—to bring rusted arms to a collector, and coins to a museum, and not to iron or gold smiths. We talk much of *old* Ireland, and plunder and ruin all that remains of it—we neglect its language, fiddle with its ruins, and spoil its monuments."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Our kings sat of old in Emania and Tara?

Those new kings, whence are they? their names are unknown!
Our saints lie entomb'd in Ardmagh and Cilldara."

AUBREY DE VERE.

August 9

"As life holds together the bodies of animals, the cause whereof is the soul, and as a city is held together by concord, the cause whereof is law, even so the world is held together by harmony, the cause whereof is God."—BISHOP BERKELEY'S
"Siris."

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

August 7

August 8

August 9

August 10

"For my own part, I have long made it a scrupulous duty not to wear anything that was not Irish; and if you will sanction so humble an example by your imitation, you will confer wealth and content upon those who, in their turn, will powerfully aid you in the pursuit of your liberties."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"What joy to fly upon the white-crested sea, and watch the waves break upon the Irish shore. . . . From the high prow I look over the sea, and great tears are in my eyes when I turn to Erin."—ST. COLUMBA.

"The tired child lies down to rest,
His latest look of consciousness
Resting on all his heart holds best
And dearest."

M. J. SERRANO.

August 11

"An honourable forbearance towards those who censure us, a generous respect towards those who differ from us, will do much to diminish the difficulties that impede our progress. Let us cherish the rights of all our fellow-countrymen."

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avonbuce seeks the kisses of ocean."

"Spirit of the Nation," J. J. CALLANAN.
(Duffy, Publisher.)

August 12

"You have formed a wrong conception of the character of Achilles! Mr. Gladstone says: 'Ferocity is an element in his character, but is not, as has been sometimes supposed, its base. Indulged against the Greeks, it is an exaggerated reaction, such as may be found in *very fine natures, against a foul injustice, heightened with a number of surrounding aggravations.*' How much more just Englishmen would be to us if they would study that sentence, and for 'Achilles' read 'Irish.'"—ANONYMOUS.

"So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade—
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd!"

THOMAS PARNELL.

August 10

August 11

Catherine Hayes died, 1861.

August 12

August 13

"The old reproach that we are a discontented people we acknowledge true with pride and satisfaction—we should be fallen indeed if it were not so!"—"Ireland" in "Living Lives."

"By the laws of God, of nature, of nations, and of your country, you are, and ought to be, as free a people as your brethren in England."—DEAN SWIFT.

"Far dearer the grave or the prison
 Illumed by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!"—THOMAS MOORE.

August 14

"No monument to O'Connell can be complete till it has been ratified by the solemn act of a free and independent Irish Legislature."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"'No! not for me, nor for mine alone!'
 The generous victim cried, 'have I fought;
 But to see my Eire again on her throne;
 Ah, that was my dream and my guiding thought.
 To see my Eire again on her throne,
 Her tresses with lilies and shamrocks twined,
 Her sever'd sons to a nation grown,
 Her hostile hues in one flag combined;
 Her wisest gather'd in grave debate.'"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 15

"When England had got a decisive start—when her manufactures were firmly established, and she had complete control of the market—Ireland was 'put on a footing of perfect equality.' The result was such as might have been, and probably was, foreseen."—WILLIAM DILLON.

"Fruitful our soil, where honest men starve;
 Empty the mart, and shipless the bay;
 Out of our want the oligarchs carve;
 Foreigners fatten on our decay!
 Disunited, therefore blighted,
 Ruin'd and rent by the Englishman's sway,
 Party and creed for once have agreed—
 Orange and Green will carry the day!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

August 13

August 14

August 15
Dublin Exhibition opened, 1882.

August 16

"We aim at the ideal which O'Connell placed before us, and I agree with Mr. Parnell in thinking that the last few years have shown solid progress."—E. D. GRAY, High Sheriff.

"Can treason spring from out a soil bedew'd with martyrs' blood?

Or has that grown a purling brook which long rush'd down a flood?

By Desmond swept with sword and fire,—by clan and keep laid low,—

By silken Thomas and his kin,—by sainted Edward! No! The forms of centuries rise up, and in the Irish line

Command their son to take the post that fits the Geraldine!"

THOMAS DAVIS.

August 17

"While opposing a fearless front to the Government, let us be careful not to afford them any colourable excuse for invading our constitutional rights. Let us, as we hope to leave a free and happy land to our children, avoid such disgraceful scenes of riot and plunder as have recently occurred in London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow."

JOHN BLAKE DILLON, in 1848.

"God be with the Irish host;

Never be their battle lost!

For in battle never yet

Have they basely earn'd defeat."

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

August 18

"History will record in letters of gold the noble part these men played in bringing to a crisis that terrible land system which, like some fabled dragon, was devouring the people of this country."—Dublin "Freeman's Journal."

"No lapse of time, as on it rolls,

Shall make those hopes decay;

The light that cheer'd our fathers' souls

Shines full on us to-day.

The end they sought, and strove, and fought

To gain, is now in view;

But hear our words, ye foreign lords,

No thanks for that to you!"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

August 16

Messrs. Parnell and Dillon received the Freedom of the City
of Dublin, 1882.

August 17

August 18

Earl of Charlemont born, 1728.

August 19

"When Tennyson makes Ulysses say, 'I am a part of all that I have seen,' it ought to be rather the converse,— 'What I have seen becomes a part of me.'"—MRS. JAMESON.

"His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me ;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast,
The Boatman of Kinsale."

THOMAS DAVIS.

August 20

"We are entitled to ask for some explanation of why our city (Dublin) has not made that progress which we had every reason to expect, and which she was in course of making when the Act of Union was passed."—JOHN DILLON.

"Oh, that I stood upon some lofty tower,
Before the gather'd people face to face,
That like God's thunder might my words of power
Roll down the cry of Freedom to its base !"
"Speranza," LADY WILDE.

August 21

"By looking into physical causes, our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take or whether we love the game, the chase is certainly of service."

EDMUND BURKE.

"When I have knelt in the temple of Duty,
Worshipping honour and valour and beauty—
When, like a brave man, in fearless resistance,
I have fought the good fight on the field of existence ;
When a home I have won in the conflict of labour,
With truth for my armour, and thought for my sabre,
Be that home a calm home where my old age may rally,
A home full of peace in this sweet, pleasant valley !
May the accents of love, like the droppings of manna,
Fall sweet on my head in the Vale of Shanganah !"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 19

August 20

August 21

August 22

"A generation had grown from youth to manhood who had been taught to cherish scrupulous veracity and unselfishness, and to whom it was a moral impossibility to be dupes or mutes."—SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"Oh, let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of
years,
Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their
tears;
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,
So peace and love may hallow thee, my own fireside!"
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 23

"Only the being I love has the power to give me pain or inspire me with fear; only those in whose love I believe have the power to injure me."—MRS. JAMESON.

"Rest, rest! the glory of thy life
Shines like tradition on the strife
Which Ireland wages hour by hour,
Patient, yet daring for the best,
And growing up, as worlds attest,
To freedom, majesty, and power."
JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL.

August 24

"How wonderful is this love of which we human beings are capable! How boundless must be the source from which it springs! Cannot you realize the great motive power it must be throughout the *spiritual* universe, just as the sun is throughout the *material* universe?"—ANONYMOUS.

"O'er the waves of a life long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And, if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his evening horizon, the light was from thee."
THOMAS MOORE.

August 22

August 23

August 24

August 25

"O'Connell perceived clearly that the tendency of affairs in Europe was towards the recognition of the principle that a nation's will is the one legitimate rule of its government."

W. E. H. LECKY.

"A youth to manhood growing,
With dark brown curls flowing,
O'er brow and temples glowing,
I came across the sea ;
And now my head is hoary,
But, land of song and story,
Green isle of ancient glory,
My heart is still with thee !"

T. D. SULLIVAN.

August 26

"We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love."—MRS. JAMESON.

"'Twas a new feeling, something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not ;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd in every half-breathed sigh
To speak—but did not !"

THOMAS MOORE.

August 27

"Too late. The treaty is signed ; our honour is pledged—the honour of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth !"

PATRICK SARSFIELD.

"Oh, hurrah ! for the men who, when danger is nigh,
Are found in the front, looking death in the eye.
Hurrah ! for the men who kept Limerick's wall,
And hurrah ! for bold Sarsfield, the bravest of all."

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave !"

THOMAS MOORE.

August 25

August 26

August 27

The Battle of Limerick, 1690.

August 28

"America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organization. . . . To all earth we proclaimed our wrongs. To man and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish Nation stood supreme on this island. . . . The future shall realize the promise of the past."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"That voice! To earth it stoop'd as a cloud to the ocean flood:
It had ascended in sighs from the anguish'd heart of a nation;
The musical echo came back from the boundless bosom of
God."
AUBREY DE VERE.

August 29

"The impression on the minds of the people is, that there is no law but the will of the magistrate; in fact, they were obliged to put themselves under his patronage, like the old *Patroni et Clientes* of the Romans."—REV. MICHAEL COLLINS.

"My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.
I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind,
Or whether earth yet beareth fruit more rare
Of heart and mind;
To me I know thou wert the fairest, kindest, dearest."
JOHN F. MURRY.

August 30

"These hills are neither grand nor impressive, but hold in their tranquil bosom all the charm and influence of home; all the quiet blessedness of strong, firm, undemonstrative love; all the delicate shades and variations of some nervous woman's beauty, to which our eyes have become familiarized by long and fond and unconscious study; just as vividly as on her face the emotions play, do the tones of sunlight and shade, of gloom and storm, of heat and cold, of rain and dew, play on those homely, friendly hills."—HANNAH LYNCH.

"The wind had died upon the ocean's breast,
When, like a silvery vein through the dark ore,
A smooth, bright current, gliding to the west,
Bore our light bark to that enchanted shore."
DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

August 28

August 29

August 30

August 31

“Whatever be my fate, I shall be happy, whilst I live, in reviving amongst you the love and admiration of your native land, and in calling upon Irishmen—no matter how they may worship their common God—to sacrifice every contemptible prejudice on the altar of their common country.”

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“With liberty there came
Wit, eloquence, and fame ;
Our feuds went like mists from the dawn.”

THOMAS DAVIS.

August 31

SEPTEMBER.

ON AMERICA.

" In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules ;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools.

" There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

" Not such as Europe breeds in her decay—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

" Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past ;
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

BISHOP BERKELRY.

September 1

"No power on earth can suppress the land movement, save the defection and cowardice of the people; so long as they are true to themselves and loyal to each other, and maintain the attitude of passive resistance recommended by their leaders, the movement cannot be put down. Let them be peaceful, and abstain from anything in the shape of violence or outrage."—J. E. REDMOND.

"Then forward, men of Erin!
Our martyrs plead for you!
Be patient and enduring—
Be earnest, brave, and true!"—"The Nation."

September 2

"Having stated that 'the masses of the Irish people have no more control over the Government under which they live than they have over the process of the sun's,' Mr. Henry George proceeds to prove that proposition by detailing the facts as to the manner in which the affairs of every branch of the public business in Ireland are administered."

"The Nation."

"Be united, be as one;
Good and true men live to finish
What our fathers have begun."—ANONYMOUS.

September 3

"Music was an essential part of the education of the Greeks, as of the ancient Irish; it was believed to have an influence, not only on the minds, but also on the bodies of men; and it was supposed that even the motions of the heavenly bodies and the operations of the mind are subject to the laws of Harmony."—"Irish Penny Magazine."

"Yes, in thy hands, illustrious son,
The harp shall speak once more,
Its sweet lament shall rippling run
From listening shore to shore.

"And plains where rushing rivers flow—
Fit emblems of the free—
Shall learn to know of Ireland's woe,
And Ireland's weal through thee."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

September 1

John E. Redmond born.

September 2

September 3

William Sharman Crawford born, 1780.

September 4

"But young as he was, those who knew him best had felt that if he lived he would some day contribute to Irish public life a spirit as bold, and a soul as pure, as ever served the Irish cause."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Double-fountain'd was his blood,
A Gaelic spring, a Norman flood !
To his bosom *Truth* he folded
With a youthful lover's zeal :
God's great Justice seem'd he, moulded
In a statued shape of steel !"

"The Irish Norman," by AUBREY DE VERE.

September 5

"The bread of life is love ; the salt of life is work ; the sweetness of life, poesy ; the water of life, faith."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth,
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure cell of memory."

ANONYMOUS.

"Playful she turn'd, that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on ;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone."

THOMAS MOORE.

September 6

"The English are grateful for benefits to self, the Irish are grateful for sympathy with their country. When they say of a man, 'He died for Ireland,' the voice is low and tender, as if they spoke of the passion of Christ."

LADY WILDE.

"Thou, Lord, art gracious, and not blind like men ;
Judge us with mercy when we shall arise.
This chill night-wind bites through me like a sword.
Pity my soul and Adiabers, O Lord !"

WILLIAM WILKINS.

September 4

John Dillon born, 1851.

September 5

September 6

September 7

"The Union was carried by perjury, bribery, forgery, and force, against the wishes of the people. To alter that Union, and get back for the Irish people a Parliament of their own—a Parliament not alone in name, but in reality—such is the object on which the Irish people have set their hearts."

RICHARD POWER.

"Oh, brothers! be with us, our aim is high,
The highest of man's vocation:
With these priceless jewels, that round us lie,
To build up a noble nation."

LADY WILDE.

September 8

"Ireland being a more ancient kingdom than the kingdom of England As the English orators in the Council of Constance, A.D. 1417, confessed, and alleged as an argument in the contest between Henry the Fifth's legates and those of Charles the Sixth, King of France, for precedence. The antiquity and precedence of the King of England was allowed him *wholly on the account of his kingdom of Ireland.*"

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

"If thou art studious, I will read
Thee tales of pleasing woe;
If thou art sad, I'll kiss away
The tears that needs must flow."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

September 9

"I believe that, to make this movement a full success, we should aim at the noblest ends and appeal to the highest motives. I began with mere political ideas, but I have grown to see that all possible political reform is involved in social reform, and that, unless it leads to social reform, political reform is worth nothing."—MICHAEL DAVITT.

"Even so, if the storms of existence
Have parted us here from each other,
Let us steer to that light in the distance,
And meet in that haven, my brother!"
T. D. SULLIVAN.

September 7

September 8

John Martin born, 1812.

September 9

September 10

"No measure (Pitt's Bill for the Legislative Union of England and Ireland) ever showed less of that enlightened and far-seeing statesmanship which respects the prejudices and conciliates the affections of a nation, and thus eradicates the seeds of disaffection and discontent."--W. E. H. LECKY.

"May the hope and the love Thou hast boundlessly given
To the heart of this people grow stronger in tears,
Till from spirit and frame every fetter be riven,
And Liberty's bow through the tempest appears."

R. D. WILLIAMS.

September 11

"Learn poetry; fix some of it, however little, in your memory. A few good pieces, made thoroughly your own, will insensibly refine your taste, elevate your conceptions, and improve your mode of expression. Learn, in fact, anything that is real, solid, useful; but *learn* it. Do not taste and smell; eat."--WILLIAM ARTHUR.

"And should thy foe to supplication bend,
Forgive, and treat him as a new-made friend."

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

September 12

"The world above is a reality to the Irish peasant. No people have more intense faith in the Unseen."

LADY WILDE.

"Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance where they grow;
But crush'd and trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"The daylight and the star-light shine, as if her eyes were in their light."--THOMAS DAVIS.

September 10

September 11

September 12

September 13

"Ireland is beginning to make up a record of English crime and Irish suffering, in order to explain the past, to justify the present, and caution the future."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Well for thee, O young man! the English cage and prison.

Well for thee thy death, if thou shouldst die—

Thy name is on those tablets that ne'er shall be unwritten
Till the pulse of our Ireland's heart runs dry."

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

September 14

"English statesmen might study with advantage the mode by which the Greeks, the great colonizers of the ancient world, gained the love of all peoples . . . they conquered by their divine gifts, and the colonists in return glorified Greece by their genius; wherever the Greeks passed they left a trail of light, but England a trail of blood."

LADY WILDE.

"For the sake of the dear little Isle where I send you;
For those who will welcome, and speed and befriend you;
For the green hills of Erin that still hold my heart there,
Though stain'd with the blood of the patriot and martyr,
My blessing attend you!"

GEOFFREY KEATING to his Letter.

September 15

"Let us cast aside all feelings of self-interest, and let us act only with the desire to benefit our country; to regain for her a place amongst the nations of the world, even at the cost of present sufferings and sacrifice for ourselves; to bequeath to those who come after us a future of prosperity, happiness, and independence."—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"The world grows dim before me,
A soft wing closes o'er me—
But Erin dear that bore me,
I love thee to the last."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

September 13

Edmund O'Donovan born, 1848.

September 14

September 15

Convention in Dublin, 1881.

September 16

"Mab is also of Celtic origin, being evidently the *maabh* of the Irish. Much has been written to trace the source from which Spenser took the materials of his 'Faery Queen,' but when we consider *where* he composed that splendid poem, and what he says of his knowledge of the poems of the Irish bards, we may be enabled to account for some of his mythology."—MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL.

"'Tis he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best,
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest."

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

September 17

"Idleness is a ready accusation in the mouth of him whose corruption denies to the poor the means of labour. 'Ye are idle,' said Pharaoh to the Israelites when he demanded bricks of them and withheld the straw."

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

"Oh, give me back that royal dream
My fancy wrought,
When I have seen your sunny eyes
Grow moist with thought."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

September 18

"I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs often insignificant. For my private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my own time than wear a diadem."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

"How pleased, how delighted, the rapt eye reposes
On the picture of beauty this valley discloses !
How glad, through this vale, would I float down life's river,
Enjoying God's bounty, and blessing the Giver !
Sweetest of vales is the Vale of Shanganah !"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

September 16

September 17

September 18

September 19

"It is only by giving protection to the Tenants that you can have security against a return to that state of things which every man of right feeling deplored."—ISAAC BUTT.

"We were blighted, dark, benighted—our day of grace has flown ;

Then the men whom God inspired—

By thy love, oh Mother ! fired—

Tore away the veil that bound us,

Spread the light and truth around us :

Now we'll trust our own men—our own men alone."

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

September 20

"No traitor was he, but a true and noble gentleman. No traitor, but a most faithful heart to all that was worthy of love and honour. No traitor, but a martyr for Ireland. 'Remember Emmet !' "—DONAL SULLIVAN.

"Abject the prostrate people lay,

Nor dared to hope a better day ;

An icy chill, a fatal frost,

Left them with all but honour lost,

Left them with only trust in God.

The lands were gone their fathers own'd ;

Poor pariahs on their native sod."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

September 21

"O'Connell was the especial bugbear of the English people—as he himself said, 'the best-abused man alive.' As the typical Irishman, Catholic, and Repealer, he aroused against himself the fiercest national and religious prejudices of large classes of Englishmen."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"Then here and there, perhaps, she picked a flower,

To strew with moss, and paint her leafy bower ;

And here and there, like her, I went along,

Chose a bright strain, and bid it deck my song."

THOMAS PARNELL.

September 19

September 20

September 21

September 22

"Out of acids, alkalis, or saline solutions, the crystal came sweet and pure. By some such natural process in the formation of this man (Michael Faraday), beauty and nobleness coalesced, to the exclusion of everything vulgar and low."

JOHN TYNDALL.

"A tone that peals amid the swell
Of rustic voices, mingling praise
Of Him who makes the summer days
Of sweet-breathed hours delectable.
At close, an instant's upward glance
Meeting the Master's in a trance."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

September 23

"In struggling for Irish freedom I believe in using every weapon which honourable men can use. I believe in nationalizing the Corporation of Dublin, the Town Councils of Ireland, and the Boards of Guardians."—JOHN DILLON.

"But the hills that I tread must be taintless and free
As the breeze—as the bird in its nest ;
And would I might breathe that sweet freedom to thee,
Aroon ! from the heart of the West !"

C. M. O'HARA.

September 24

"If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more. It is as if the principle, that conflict is a necessary law of progress, were applicable even to love."

MRS. JAMESON.

"If I but nursed a flower
Which, to the ground the rain and wind had beaten,
That flower of all our garden was my pride."

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

September 22

September 2

September 2

September 25

"Then shall the future, seen by the prophetic eye of Grattan, when he hailed his Ireland as an independent nation, be realized by the men of to-day."—VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

"The different hues that deck the earth,
All in our bosoms have their birth ;
'Tis not in blue or sunny skies,
'Tis in the heart the summer lies !
The earth is bright if that be glad,
Dark is the earth if that be sad."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

September 26

"It would, indeed, be scarcely possible to conceive a more infamous system of legal tyranny than that which in the middle of the eighteenth century crushed every class and almost every interest in Ireland. The Parliament had been deprived of every vestige of independence."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die !
There *is* a world, where souls are free,
Where Tyrants taint not nature's bliss."

THOMAS MOORE.

September 27

"One of the great objects of this Society is that there shall be no religious animosity ; every man shall worship his God according to his own conscience, and any one who violates this principle is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the Society."—REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

"What soil or clime, or barrier raised by pride,
Or prejudice, can bound the good man's love ?
For man and misery, wherever found
It freely springs."

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

September 25

September 26

September 27

September 28

"I declare from my soul that if England were to give us all her revenues, I could not barter for them the free constitution of my country."—JOHN, BARON ORIEL.

"Life may be fair in that new existence
Where saints are crown'd and the saved rejoice,
But over the depth of the infinite distance
I'll lean, and listen to hear your voice."

LADY WILDE.

September 29

"Before we can influence or deal with mind, contemplation must be lost in sympathy, observation must be merged in love."—MRS. JAMESON.

"We two, each other's only pride,
Each other's bliss, each other's guide,
Far from the world's unhallow'd noise,
Its coarse delights and tainted joys,
Through wilds will roam and deserts rude;
For, love, thy home is solitude."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

September 30

"Out of the attempt to harmonize our actual life with our aspirations, our experience with our faith, we make poetry,—or, it may be, religion."—MRS. JAMESON.

"My boat is moor'd beside the pier,
My nets are stretch'd upon the strand,
And once again, dear Kate, I'm here,
To look in your face and to clasp your hand."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

"Therefore we come, in one united band,
To hail in him the hero of the land."

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

September 28

John, Baron Oriel, Speaker of the Irish Parliament, born 1740.

September 29

September 30

OCTOBER.

"A SHAMROCK FROM THE IRISH SHORE."

" Struggling, and yet for strife unmeet,
True type of trustful love thou art ;
Thou liest the whole year at my feet,
To live but one day at my heart.
One day of festal pride to lie
Upon the loved one's heart—what more ?
Upon the loved one's heart to die,
O shamrock of the Irish shore !

" And shall I not return thy love ?
And shalt thou not, as thou shouldst, be
Placed on thy son's proud heart above
The red rose or the fleur-de-lis ?
Yes, from these heights the waters beat,
I vow to press thy cheek once more,
And lie for ever at thy feet,
O shamrock of the Irish shore !"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

October 1

"Here we may take up the thread of the history where we left it, at the close of the period of steady progress from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, when the language of Ireland was being developed, and her schools were the most frequented in Northern Europe."—MARGARET STOKES.

"The earth, as we lie on its bosom, seems pressing
A heart up to bear us and mix with our heart ;
The blue, as we wonder, drops down a great blessing
That soothes us and fills us, and makes the tears start."
ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

October 2

"The Irish and Oriental poets both agree in attributing favourable or unfavourable weather and abundant or deficient harvests to the good or bad qualities of the reigning monarch."—JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

"The clime
Is a clime to praise,—
The clime is Erin's, the green and bland ;
And it is the time,
These be the days
Of Cahal Mor of the wine-red hand !"
"A Vision of Connaught in the 13th Century,"
by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

October 3

"Joannes Erigena, or John of Erin, is admitted by the most competent authorities to have been the founder of the mystic doctrine ; it thus appears that the two great systems of theology originated in the early Irish schools."—DR. O'DONOVAN.

"Work ! there is work for the thinker and doer,
And glory for all, when the goal is won ;
So we are true to our Country, or truer
Than planets are to the central sun."
LADY WILDE.

October 1

Daniel Augustus Beaufort, one of the Founders of the Royal Irish Academy, born 1739.

October 2

October 3

October 4

"St. Patrick had a much higher object in view. He seems to have been deeply imbued with faith in the intercessory powers of the Church. He established throughout the land temples and oratories for the perpetual worship of God."

JAMES HENTHORN TODD.

"Oh fair ! oh purest ! be thou the dove
That flies alone to some sunny grove :
And lives unseen, and bathes her wing,
All vestal white, in the limpid spring ;
Oh ! be like this dove !
Oh fair ! oh purest ! be like this dove !"

"St. Augustine to his Sister," by THOMAS MOORE.

October 5

"Yes, I am loyal to all that a good and patriotic citizen should be loyal to. I am ready, not merely to obey, but to support with heartfelt allegiance, the constitution of my own country."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"Till then, adieu ! my Fond and True, adieu, till then !
Though now you grieve, still, still believe we'll meet again ;
I'll yet return, with hopes that burn, and broadsword keen ;
Fear not, nor think you e'er can sink, my Dark Roisin !"

"The Prince of Tirconnell's Address to Ireland,"
translated by JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

October 6

"There is no subject so obscure but we may discern some glimpse of truth by long poring on it."—BISHOP BERKELEY.

"I sing, for wheresoe'er I am,
If I but turn my thoughts apart,
I fill the goblet of my heart
With tides of beauty clear and calm,
Drawn from a source that lies far off
Where human cares are lost in Love.
Unto that Love my life belongs."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

October 4

October 5

October 6

October 7

"I claim for Robert Burns a wider possession,—he belongs to all the people in the world. That power which he so wonderfully possessed, to bring forth the deepest feelings of our nature, love, friendship, patriotism, public and private virtue, homely sentiment; in all these various channels it was to the common nature—not of Scotland, not of England, not of Ireland, but to the common nature of humanity that he appealed."—HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

"When the dark clouds of life gather o'er me,
One star shall outshine every other,
And the long, rugged pathway before me
Grow bright with the love of my brother."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

October 8

"O'Connell, standing by the stone where the Kings of Ireland were once crowned, sketched the coming glories of his country. Beneath him, like a mighty sea, extended the throng of listeners."—W. E. H. LECKY.

"They tell me I am strange—perhaps—I love
Things not much valued by the mass of men—
Flowers, children, denizens of dell and grove,
The harmless choristers of wold and glen;
Cool zephyrs, limpid streams, and sunset skies,
And loving souls that look from deep blue eyes."
"Non Omnis Moriar," in the "Shamrock."

October 9

"Away, then, with all religious animosity that would interfere with man's co-operation with his fellow-man for native land. Away with that fatal division that would fain make one Ireland for the Protestant Irishman and another for the Catholic Irishman—whereas the 'Green Island' is the common motherland of all."—VERYREV. THOMAS N. BURKE.

"She quench'd the fire of her tears,
Uplifting her meek, brave head.
'Or dark or bright be the years.
I will take courage,' she said—
Smoothing back her loose-blowing hair,
And her shawl drawing closer the while;
So she drank in the strong sea air,
And turn'd away with a smile."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

October 7

October 8

October 9

October 10

"Calumny and obloquy we have had to endure ; we have had to face the sneers of the mighty and powerful ; we were told that we were poor and insignificant. But poor and humble and insignificant as some of us are—the electors, in sending us to Parliament, have made us formidable to the greatest empire that exists in the world."—T. M. HEALY.

"I grew to manhood by the western wave,
Among the mighty mountains on the shore;
My bed the rock within some natural cave,
My food whate'er the seas and seasons bore."

"The Voyage of St. Brendan," by D. F. MACCARTHY.

October 11

"Every proposal for the advantage of Ireland was held a direct attack on the interests of England."

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

"Where toil is hard, in mill and yard,
There hands are strong to bear it ;
Where genius bright would wing its flight,
The mind is theirs to dare it :
But high or low, in joy or woe,
With any fate before them,
The sweetest bliss they know, is this—
To aid the land that bore them."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

October 12

"Above all people the Greeks seem to have been endowed with the gift of personal fascination ; the English *as a nation* have none of it, though capable of splendid acts of individual generosity."—LADY WILDE.

"Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow."

THOMAS MOORE.

October 10

October 11

James Barry born, 1741.

October 12

October 13

"It is usual to hold forth to our imitation the great industry of Demosthenes, and the wonderful care bestowed by him on the composition of his orations. I think it would be more to the purpose, to tell us of the great passions by which he was inspired ; of the ardent love he bore his country ; of his fear for her safety ; of his undying hatred of her foe ; and his fierce indignation against the traitors to her cause."

JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

"Ye know how great hearts have striven —
Much suffer'd and much forgiven !"

"Four Years of Irish History," by SIR C. G. DUFFY.

October 14

"Love in its highest phase is self-sacrificing, and has its essence in the capability of self-sacrifice."—MRS. JAMESON.

"A clear soul this still Sabbath eve
Sway'd upward unto the high light,
Where dwell the hosts of those in white,
In joy that no man may conceive ;
A pure soul pleading there for me,
Afar from her beyond the sea."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

"Him who strove, with might and main,
To leave a lesson for us all,
How we might live—nor live in vain."

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

October 15

"Poor France ! In the New World and in the Old, history owes thee much—yet in both hast thou paid the full measure of thy people's wrong."—W. F. BUTLER.

"And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering, wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee ;
And in each house made desolate,

"Pale women, who have lost their lord,
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnish'd epaulette—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguish'd pain."

OSCAR WILDE.

October 13

Hon. Edward Blake born, 1833.

October 14

Thomas Davis born, 1814.

October 15

Lord Edward Fitzgerald born, 1763.

October 16

"A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Dear Lord, my cold heart is constrain'd
To melt in gentle gratitude,
For four fair things Thou hast ordain'd
To be so gracious and so good :

"The spring-time, and the stars, and song,
And smiles of Thy sweet handmaidens,
That guide and cheer our steps along
Through what were else but wastes immense."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

October 17

"Mankind are so constituted that our most cherished convictions become dearer if they are professed by persons whom we venerate."—SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"The moaning blast is sweeping fast,
Thro' many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, *ochone machree*."

DENNY LANE.

"Now Freedom's God ! I come to Thee !"

THOMAS MOORE.

October 18

"A native Irish literature, by the very fact of its existence, must give a powerful impulse to the other departments of mental energy."—JOSEPH F. O'CARROLL.

"For Nature has stamp'd us with brand immortal,
Highway of nations our land must be ;
We hold the keys of the Old-World portal,
We guard the pass of the Western Sea—
Ireland, sole in her majesty !"

LADY WILDE.

October 16

October 17

William Smith O'Brien born, 1803.

October 18

October 19

"The House of Commons is the source of Legislation, and it may be useful for us to try and keep that in mind."

ANNA PARNELL.

"We were slaves when seeming free ;
Now, though wounded and laid low,
In our souls lives Freedom's power.
Hark ! 'tis striking—Ireland's hour !
Work there is for men, I trow !"

CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN.

October 20

"The game was scented ; the cry was up. Oh, that a jovial sun should ever look down upon such a piteous scene ! A brave son of the mountains, hunted like a fox to the death among those mountains, the pure love of motherland being his crime !" — ROSA MULHOLLAND.

"Oh, my beloved isle,
Erin aroon,
Might I behold you smile,
Erin aroon ;
One smile, so warm and bright,
Startling the long dark night—
Then die with pure delight,
Erin aroon."

ELLEN DOWNING.

October 21

"The disturbances of the country are not to be remedied by any coercive measures, however strong ; such measures will tend to exasperate rather than to remove the evil. Nothing can effect this, and restore tranquillity to the country, but a serious, a candid endeavour of Government and of this House to redress the grievances of the people."

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"But this man, whose game ye baulk'd,
Was the true man 'mong you all."

AUBREY DE VERE.

October 19

October 20

Land Commission held its first sitting, 1881.

October 21

October 22

"In Irish education, Irish history is steadily ignored by schools, academies, and colleges ; a national annihilation that probably could find no counterpart in all the rest of Europe. Irish children may recite the kings of the Heptarchy, or the cause of the Punic Wars, but of the long heroic struggle of their forefathers against foreign domination, they are taught never a word."—LADY WILDE.

"And Erin's lot in after years
Was war and sorrow, gloom and tears ;
God send her soon the peace sublime
She knew in Holy Patrick's time."

F. A. FAHY.

October 23

"Any allusion to the solicitude which an Irish Parliament would naturally exhibit for the Irish people, was treated as a topic that indicated folly or sedition."

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP MCHALE.

"Oh, Erin ! in thine hour of need,
'Thy warriors wander o'er the earth ;
For others' liberties they bleed,
Nor guard the land that gave them birth :
In foreign fields, it is their doom
To seek—their fame, to find—their tomb."

JOHN D'ALTON.

October 24

"The true rebels, the real Thugs, are rather those who, notwithstanding the results of observation and experiment, persistently refuse to see aught but the incarnation of sin in every movement towards the elevation of our social policy, and who, in so refusing, force a contest where there should be unanimity of purpose and enthusiastic co-operation in design."—J. W. STUDDERT.

"Who fired my breast with Homer's fame,
And taught the high heroic theme
That nightly flash'd upon my dream."

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

October 22

Junior Irish Literary Club Founded, 1881.

October 23

October 24

October 25

"Then was witnessed that spectacle, among the grandest in the whole range of mental phenomena, of mind asserting its supremacy over matter—of the power of enthusiasm and the power of genius nerving a feeble and an emaciated frame."

W. E. H. LECKY, describing Grattan's last speech against the "Union."

"But there doth rest beneath thy breast
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My *Bríghidín baú mo store*."

EDWARD WALSH.

October 26

"It has been the misfortune of ancient Irish literature, that its remains, through the subordinate condition of this country, have, both in England and abroad, been almost without a dissentient voice, adjudged to the Anglo-Saxon school; whereby, not only has the merit of the teacher been transferred to the disciple, but a great obstruction has been placed in the way of an acquaintance with Irish manuscripts which are scattered through Europe. The Irish scholar neglecting to examine them because they are called Saxon, and the English to consult them, because unable."

REV. WILLIAM REEVES.

"Ye bards of song, ye warriors strong!
Of high heroic deeds."

JOHN MACDONNELL.

October 27

"The grace of God is far from making a man idle. Thou must labour earnestly, and when thou hast laboured for thy bread, must acknowledge that it comes from God."

ARCHBISHOP USSHER.

"Throughout the world the mighty Master's laws
Allow not one brief moment's idle pause;
The earth is full of life, the swelling seeds
Advance!
And summer hours, like flowery harness'd steeds,
Advance!"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

October 25

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October 26

October 27

Q 2

October 28

“ ‘When I take into account,’ said Burrowes, ‘the hostile feelings generated by this foul attempt, by bribery, by treason, and by force, to plunder a nation of its liberties in the hour of its distress, I do not hesitate to pronounce that every sentiment of affection for Great Britain will perish if this measure pass.’ ”—W. E. H. LECKY.

“ You’ve a hand for the grasp of friendship,
 Another to make them quake,
 And they’re welcome to which soever
 It pleases them most to take.”

EVA MARY KELLY.

October 29

“ ‘My own darlin’ Mamy,’ cries the poor child, ‘the first coat I earn shall be for you.’ ‘Darlin’,” answered the mother, ‘I shall have a coat of green before that ;’ and there was a meaning in her face when she said it which they could not read, but I could, and to hide my grief, I went out of the house and prayed.”

MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL’S “Ireland.”

“ I thank you for the patient smile,
 When your heart was fit to break,
 When the hunger pain was gnawin’ there,
 And you hid it for my sake.”

COUNTESS OF GIFFORD.

October 30

“The lesson which I have learned from the past history of my country is, that the great and the first danger an Irishman has to avoid is the danger of division.”

JOHN DILLON.

“ Union makes the nations great.
 End your quarrels ;—end your quarrels !
 By the graves of Ninety-eight—
 Chains or laurels :—chains or laurels !”

R. D. WILLIAMS.

“ O men who have pass’d through the furnace,
 Assay’d like the gold, and as pure !”

LADY WILDE.

☿ October 28

☿ October 29

☿ October 30

October 31

"Bold, courageous, open action, free from all taint of criminality, will enable the Irish people to triumph."

"The Nation."

"Arise ! my slumbering soul, arise !
And learn what yet remains for thee
To dree or do :
The signs are flaming in the skies ;
A struggling world would yet be free,
And live anew."

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

October 31

NOVEMBER.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

"A hint of slumber in the wind,
A dreamlet stir of blades and stalks,
As tenderly the twilight flows
Down all my garden walks.

"My robes of work are thrown aside
The odour of the grass is sweet ;
The pleasure of a day well spent
Bathes me from head to feet.

"Calmly I wait the dreary change—
The season cutting sharp and sheer
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe
The border of the year.

"And while I muse, the fated earth
Into a colder current dips—
Feels winter's scourge, with summer's kiss
Still warm upon her lips."

Copied from "The Shamrock "

November 1

"A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything."—SIR RICHARD STEELE.

"Oh wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride ; never gay out of season."
DEAN SWIFT.

"Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 'twas all the same,
He listen'd for the foot that never came."
ELLEN FORRESTER.

November 2

"Young Ireland wrote its bold, brilliant ballads as a part of the education of the new nationality that it believed was growing up, and destined to take possession of the island, 'a nationality that'—to use Davis's words—'must contain and represent all the races of Ireland.'"—CASHEL HOEY.

"Though thy brother still deride thee,
Yield thou love for foolish hate :
He'll, perhaps, ere long beside thee,
Proudly, boldly, share thy fate."
R. D. WILLIAMS.

November 3

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written."
ROBERT EMMET.

"And now thy dwelling is lonely—
King of the rushing horde ;
And now thy battles are over
Chief of the shining sword !"
MRS. DOWNING.

November 1

November 2

William Thompson (author of "The Natural History of Ireland") born, 1805.

November 3

John Mitchel born, 1815.

November 4

"This notion of sacrificing or slighting the present seems to me a great mistake. It ought to be the most important part of our existence, as it is the only part of it over which we have power. It is in the present only that we absolve the past, and lay the foundation for the future."

MRS. JAMESON.

"Scatter the golden grain of lofty thoughts,
From which spring hero-deeds—that so, in truth,
Our Future may be nobler than our Past,
In all that makes a nation's life divine—
This is the Poet's mission, therefore—Thine."
"Speranza" (LADY WILDE).

November 5

"It is of considerable importance that the youth of the present day should be acquainted with the history of the past, and learn from it how to act in the future; both for the industrial and political welfare of his country."

MICHAEL DAVITT.

"O Eire! the things I loved in thee
Were dead long years ere I was born;
Yet still their shadows lived for me,
An evening twilight like the morn;
But daily now with vulgarer hand
The Present sweeps those phantoms by;—
Like annals of an alien land,
Thy history's self appears to die!"

AUBREY DE VERE.

November 6,

"Our benches were filled with English lawyers; our bishoprics with English divines; our Custom-house with English commissioners; all offices of State filled three deep, with Englishmen in possession, Englishmen in reversion, and Englishmen in expectancy."—THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

"Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men,
Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right."

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

November 4

November 5

November 6

November 7

"The generous response you have given to the mention of the efforts of my mother in Ireland's cause, has filled me with a pleasure and a pride that I cannot properly acknowledge. I am glad to be afforded this opportunity during my visit to America to speak to an audience of my countrymen, a race *once the most artistic in Europe*. But with the coming of the English, art in Ireland came to an end. The artistic sentiment of Ireland is not, however, dead in the hearts of her sons and daughters."—OSCAR WILDE.

"The voices ever sounding back
From my country's old triumphal track!"

FRANCES BROWNE.

November 8

"There are bigots to whom the idea of living upon terms of respect and trust with their neighbours who differ from them in religion is odious."—CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

"Wait—there are worlds diviner than this,
Worlds of splendour, of knowledge, and bliss!
Across the death-river—the victory won—
We shall meet in the light of a changeless Sun."

LADY WILDE.

November 9

"Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism."

JAMES WHITESIDE.

"The fear of God on man impress'd with force
Of all true wisdom is the first great source!
Oh! daily let thy supplications rise
To Him whom glory veils above the skies,
Though nothing 'scapes His all-beholding eyes."

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

November 7

November 8

November 9

November 10

"Galway, once frequented by ships with cargoes of French and Spanish wines, to supply the wassailings of the O'Neil's and O'Donel's, the O'Gara's and O'Kanes, her marble palaces handed over to strangers, and her gallant sons and dark-eyed daughters banished, remains for 200 years a ruin; her splendid port empty, while her 'hungry air' in 1862 becomes the mock of the official stranger."

JOHN PATRICK PRENDERGAST.

"When now one mighty struggle for All,
May quicken the life in the land again!"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

November 11

"No settlement of the Irish question that does not give to the Irish people the right to rule themselves, can be accepted as final."—W. H. K. REDMOND.

"Remember, Dennis, all I bade you say,
Tell him we're well, and happy—thank the Lord;
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word—
Of cares and troubles, sure we've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair."

ELLEN FORRESTER.

November 12

"It may not surpass the possibilities of coming years in politics to devise and execute some method which may save Irishmen from the shame and agony of occupying hostile camps in the House of Commons (in England), and which may enable them at last to find a common ground for ambition and for effort, for courteous debate and honourable emulation, on the soil of their native country."

THOMAS SEXTON.

"Never under wrongs despair;
Labour long, and everywhere."

THOMAS DAVIS.

November 10

Charles Anderson Read born, 1841.

November 11

November 12

November 13

"We know of the Israelites of old that they had far to wander and much to suffer before they reached the land of promise. Irishmen, too, have a goal before them that is worth struggling for."—WILLIAM DILLON.

"Oh, lead them on ! All doubts and fears are errors ;

Dread not the spectres conjured up to view,

Heed no dark tales of new or olden terrors,

Trust Ireland's People ; they are brave and true.

Reach forth and grasp the hands they have extended,

Help their good work, while yet they need your aid,

And in the land made free, serene, and splendid,

In love and joy your toil shall be repaid."

T. D. SULLIVAN.

November 14

"The *first business* of life is the improvement of one's own heart and mind . . . the study of the thoughts and deeds of great men." THOMAS DAVIS.

"We are his people, for he loves and he trusts us

His children, though he be young ;

Liberty and honour on his lips have their dwelling,

Faithfulness and truth are on his tongue."

C. G. O'BRIEN.

"Arise ! arise ! my patriot son !

By hearts like thine is Freedom won !"

LADY WILDE.

November 15

"Those with refinement and softness of nature mingling with high intellectual power and the capacity for strong passion, present to me a problem to solve, which, when solved, I take to my heart."—MRS. JAMESON.

"I swear

From my heart's inmost core to tear

Love, hope, remembrance, though they be

Link'd with each quivering life-string there,

And give it bleeding all to Thee !

Let him but live, the burning tear,

The sighs so sinful, yet so dear,

Which have been all too much his own,

Shall from this hour be Heaven's alone !"

THOMAS MOORE.

November 13

November 14

November 15

November 16

"Language is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs; many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it."

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

"And still, beloved, till life grows cold,
We'll wander 'neath the genial sky,
And only know that we are old,
By counting happy hours gone by."

HON. CAROLINE NORTON.

November 17

"Besides this duty towards their students as individuals, Universities are bound by another, and perhaps a still higher duty towards the future of the human race. This duty commands them to produce, not only philosophers, but good citizens; not only men of trained intellect and well-stored mind, but also men guided by a high standard of public morality and a keen sense of honour."—JOHN DILLON.

"Heights can be reach'd by heroic daring,
Crowns are won by the brave and free,
And nations create their own destiny."

LADY WILDE.

November 18

"Underneath his sweetness and gentleness was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but through high self-discipline he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive-power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion."

JOHN TYNDALL.

"To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

November 16

November 17

November 18

November 19

"John Stuart Mill died on May 8, 1873, at his home at Avignon, where the tomb of his wife was made. 'There's a great spirit gone,' was the word of all men. A loftier and purer soul, more truly devoted to the quest of the truth, had not mingled in the worldly affairs of our time."

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"But now—this river's argent breast,
The pale, sweet sky, the tender light,
Steal on the sense, and drink the soul;
The clear West opens, calm and broad;
The deep peace deepens, and the whole
Stirr'd spirit nestles up to God."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

November 20

"An unseasonable disclosure of flashes of wit may sometimes do a man no other service than to direct his adversaries how they may do him a mischief."

HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1626).

"Hers is the voice tuned by harmonious love,
Soft as the songs that warble through the grove!
Oh! sweeter joys her converse can impart!
Sweet to the sense and grateful to the heart!"

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

"I would read for her in the noon from a Gaelic or Latin book;
I would write her pure thoughts down by some clear brook."—A Munster Song, translated by MANGAN.

November 21

"A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people."—"Junius" (SIR PHILIP FRANCIS).

"Good night, good night. As thy beloved eyes,
The young great stars look on me at this hour:
From deepening blue of holy western skies,
One after one born into fullest power
Of glorious purity."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

November 19

November 20

November 21

November 22

"The constitution may for a time be lost, but the character of the people cannot be lost ; Ministers of the Crown may, perhaps, at length find out that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation by abilities however great, or by corruption however irresistible."

HENRY GRAFTAN.

"Two lives of an eagle, the old song saith,
 Make the life of a black yew-tree ;
 For two lives of a yew-tree the furrow's path
 Men trace, grass-grown on the lea ;
 Two furrows they last till the time is past
 God willeth the world to be ;
 For a furrow's time has MacCarthy stood fast,
 MacCarthy in Carbery."—AUBREY DE VERE.

November 23

"Mr. Swinburne, the poet, made an appeal to the people of England, in lines of great power and beauty, on behalf of a policy of mercy to the prisoners. Lord Derby, who had then come to be at the head of the Government, refused to listen to any appeal. The remaining three, Allen, Larken, and O'Brien, were executed."—"Short History of our own Times," by JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"'God save Ireland,' pray we loudly,
 May heaven's choicest blessing on her fall !
 From every harm and woe
 That may lay a nation low,
 May God save Ireland, say we all!"—T. D. SULLIVAN.

November 24

"Why, your very existence depends upon the disappearance of these ancient feuds. . . . Believe me, if you desire to avert an impending calamity, it is the duty of every human being amongst you—Protestant and Catholic, Orangeman and Union-man—to consider with regard to all these matters, what is the real duty they owe to God, their country, and each other."—EARL OF DUFFERIN in Canada.

"And then, crying tears like a woman,
 'Your hand !' he said. 'Aye, *that* hand :
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land !'"

JOHN BANIM.

November 22

Justin McCarthy born, 1830.

November 23

November 24

November 25

“ ‘Now,’ cried I, ‘the sum of my miseries is made up ; nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang.’ ”—OLIVER GOLDSMITH’S “Vicar of Wakefield.”

“ Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that’s breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, ’tis sweet to me !

“ There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
Would that my bosom’s blood were balm,
And, well thou know’st, I’d shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute’s calm.”

THOMAS MOORE.

November 26

“Irish Hospitality.—In the parish of Kilmurray, and county of Cork, the MacSweeneys set up a stone near Clodagh, on which they inscribed, in Irish, an invitation to all passengers to repair for entertainment to the house of MacSweeney.”—VEN. CHARLES O’CONNOR.

“ Strife is sin and madness,
Come together, heart and hand,
Join our gallant patriot band,
Standing for the dear old land,
To give her peace and gladness.”

“ ZOZIMUS.”

November 27

“When our enemies attribute our failures (individual and collective) to our want of capacity and energy, we have but one answer, and it is a conclusive one ; we point to men of Irish birth or blood who are prosperous and distinguished everywhere but at home.”—JOHN BLAKE DILLON.

“ Yet still, through the darkness and sorrow,
I dream of a time yet to be,
When from mountain and ocean to heaven
Will rise up the Hymn of the Free.”

“ Speranza,” LADY WILDE.

November 25

November 26

Sir James Ware born, 1594.

November 27

November 28

"Let England proclaim that the will of Ireland, fairly, legally, and constitutionally ascertained—not the will of a class, or of a section, or of a party, or of a creed, but of all classes—as all such decisions are usually taken and accepted, shall be allowed to regulate her own concerns; let us render unto England what is England's, and unto Ireland what is Ireland's."—A. M. SULLIVAN.

"'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day,
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway."

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

November 29

"Her manner was entirely well-bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness. You never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty. She was all in all, occupied without fatiguing the attention, and charmed by her pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes, made of value every word she uttered."

ANNA MARIA HALL, of Maria Edgeworth.

"Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them."

GERALD GRIFFIN.

November 30

"When we talk of leaving our childhood behind us, we might as well say that the river flowing onward to the sea had left the fountain behind."—MRS. JAMESON.

"I only sought her with mine eyes and heart.
Yet was her smile, whene'er by chance we met,
And the enlivening of her beauteous eyes
Encountering mine own, a richer prize
Than in the spoil of palaces may be won."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

"Though blest, 'mid all her ills, to think
She has that one beloved near!"

THOMAS MOORE.

November 28

Oliver Goldsmith born, 1731.

November 29

November 30

Dean Swift born, 1721.

DECEMBER.

MY FAITH.

" I've heard enlighten'd persons say,
With show of logic, keen and clever,
' The world will roll in the ancient way,
And the honest man will be down for ever.
Honour and Truth are an idle dream ;
Self is the rule good sense advises ;
Worth will sink like dregs in the stream,
And the sun will shine on all that rises.'
But I say No,
It cannot be so !
And if my reasons must be given,
So weak am I,
That my sole reply
Is, ' A just God lives on the throne of Heaven.'
And though I am told it is wrong to feel
The burning glow of patriot passion,
That the national love is ungentle,
And we all must sail with the tide of fashion—
Erin ! Queen of my youth's wild dreams,
Of my manhood's faith, that falter'd never,
Through sorrow's clouds, or hope's bright beams,
This hand and heart shall be thine for ever !"
T. D. SULLIVAN.

December 1

"Again and again did her mother return her caresses, murmuring, 'My *Colleen-das* will never be widowed by faction now; the spirit is all gone, praise be to the Lord: and so I tell *him* when I sit upon his grave.'"—MR. and MRS. S. C. HALL'S "Ireland."

"All that I had of good in other's sight,
Reflected shone *thy* virtue's borrow'd light."
JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

"The tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is *love* from a heart that *loves Liberty too!*"
THOMAS MOORE.

December 2

"The presence of those whom we love is as a double life; absence, in its anxious longing and sense of vacancy, is as a foretaste of death."—MRS. JAMESON.

"Lord Petre's house was built by Payne—
No mortal architect made Jane;
If hearts had windows, through the pane
Of mine you'd see my sweetest Jane."
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!"
THOMAS MOORE.

December 3

"Our people have exhibited all the ancient courage of their race; they have gone to penal servitude; they have gone to hard labour cheerfully, quietly, and without ostentation; they have willingly made these sacrifices, not for themselves, but for the tenant farmers and the labourers; knowing also that they were—by these sacrifices—promoting a greater and a still better cause, the time when our Country shall regain her Nationhood and her *right* to make laws for Irishmen on Irish soil."—CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

"And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains."
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

December 1

December 2

December 3

December 4

"Let the young men of Ireland study the history of their country with a view to learn the faults and weaknesses which have made our people the prey of their enemies in the past. Let us sternly, patiently, and steadfastly apply ourselves to correct those faults at whatever sacrifice. And in that spirit we may advance into the Future without fear."

JOHN DILLON.

"Meet these men on land or sea—
Meet them in council, war, or glee ;
Voice, glance, and mien, bespeak them free ;
Welcome greets you at their hearth."

From "My Home, a Dream," by THOMAS DAVIS.

December 5

"The language of Ireland is a golden vase in which are enshrined the precious deposit of our history, the traditions of our country, the abiding proofs of the high culture of the men of our race."—REV. J. E. NOLAN, O.D.C.

"O Nature ! though blessed and bright are the rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own."

THOMAS MOORE.

December 6

"Rising to more than usual eloquence and power, he prophesied the regeneration of all human communities through the social elevation, the intellect, the purity, and the devotion of woman."—MRS. JAMESON.

"Time was not made for spirits like ours,
Nor the changing light of the changing hours ;
For the life eternal still lies below
'The drifted leaves and the fallen snow."

LADY WILDE.

December 4

December 5

Sir John Parnell ("the incorruptible Parnell") died, 1801.

December 6

December 7

"There is no love like that which has roused up the intensest feelings of our nature, revealed us to ourselves, like lightning suddenly disclosing an abyss,—yet has survived all the storm and tumult of such passionate discord, and all the terror of such a revelation."—MRS. JAMESON.

"And smiled and bless'd him ; while he said,
 'Yes—if there be some happier sphere,
 Where fadeless truth like ours is dear ;—
 If there be any land of rest
 For those who love and ne'er forget,
 Oh ! comfort thee—for safe and blest
 We'll meet in that calm region yet !'"

THOMAS MOORE.

December 8

" 'Answer your enemies,' wrote O'Connell, referring to some local broil, 'as I do mine—by redoubling your exertions for Ireland.' There is infinite peace and contentment in answering your enemies in this fashion."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"The gloom that winter cast,
 How soon the heart forgets,
 When summer brings at last
 Her sun, that never sets !
 So dawn'd my love for you,
 And chasing every pain,
 Than summer's sun more true
 'Twill never set again !"

A Finland Love Song, by THOMAS MOORE.

December 9

"Two facts must strike any observer of the progress of political events in European countries. The first is the growing intelligence of those composing what is called the 'lower class,' especially as manifested in the appreciation of their own numerical superiority and latent strength ; the other the decline in the public influence of the upper class, which is apparently becoming more and more unable to maintain its supremacy, though still endeavouring to hold the reins of government, and give its own direction to public affairs."—J. W. STUDDERT.

"The earth is sick of chains !"—R. D. WILLIAMS.

December 7

December 8

December 9

December 10

"It was found that Ireland had lost about two millions of her population—she had come down from eight millions to six. This was the combined effect of starvation, of the various diseases that followed in its path, gleaned where it had failed to gather, and of emigration.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"Have ye trod in the pure and perfect way,
And ruled for God as the crown'd should do?
Count our dead—before angels and men,
Ye're judged and doom'd by the Statist's pen."

LADY WILDE.

December 11

"Irishmen owe the Irish Leader a debt of gratitude which can never be sufficiently paid. In the darkest hour he never flinched; when our race and nation were maligned and misrepresented, he stood in the gap and hurled back the foul assaults of the common enemy. His ultimate triumph is even now beheld in the near future. Cool, calm, imperturbable, he bides his time. Nothing can ruffle his temper, or turn him aside from his purpose. For such a man the Irish nation has nothing but a gratitude profound."

"The Irish Canadian" Newspaper.

"Oh, my brothers, I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow."

FANNY PARNELL.

December 12

"The rights of the chief, sub-chiefs, and families of each sept were regulated under the Brehon Code, which, with minute precision, laid down rules for adjudicating on almost every variety of dispute, encroachment, or breach of law."

JOHN T. GILBERT.

"Some millions of summers hath been and not known her,
Hath known and forgotten loves less fair than she;
But one summer knew her, and grew glad to own her,
And made her its flower, and gave her to me."

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

December 10

December 11

December 12

Gerald Griffin born, 1803.

December 13

"The commercial and industrial condition of the country was, if possible, more deplorable than its political condition, and was the result of a series of English measures which, for deliberate and selfish tyranny, could hardly be surpassed."

W. E. H. LECKY.

"He, the friend
And guardian, not the tyrant of whate'er
Inhales the vital breezes, ne'er issues forth
Breathing dismay and slaughter in the paths
Where happy creatures sport."

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

December 14

"To reach the heart of his nation the poet must borrow the tones that naturally and habitually speak its feelings."

"Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that none can match."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"Up above, the thoughts that know not anguish,
Tender care, sweet love for us below,
Noble pity free from anxious terror,
Larger love without a touch of woe."

"Down below ; a sad, mysterious music,
Wailing through the woods and on the shore,
Burthen'd with a grand majestic secret,
That keeps sweeping from us evermore."

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP ALEXANDER.

December 15

"And I wonder to myself whether in the hereafter I shall meet them in the realm full of song and sounds of praises, and those other miracles, hidden from me, that make the faces of men like the Madonnas of Raphael—whereof the soul seems to dwell in heaven, and the body is poised, and attent, awaiting the sign to go."—From the "Story of a Deaf Mute," by E. OWENS BLACKBURNE.

"Oh, calm the voice of winter's storm!
Rule the wrath of angry seas !
The fury of the rending blast appease,
Nor let its rage fair ocean's face deform !"

MAURICE FITZGERALD (written in 1612).

December 13

December 14

December 15

December 16

"John Abernethy, of Coleraine (who died in 1740), took up the position that religion should not exclude men of talent from political office, and he was so far in advance of the *opinions of the time*, that he gave it as his firm conviction that a Presbyterian or Roman Catholic *might be a man of ability*, and thus fitted to serve his country."—CHARLES A. READ.

"I saw in old time through the drifts of the snow,
A shepherdless people dash'd to and fro,
With hands toss'd up in the wintry air,
With the laughter of madness or shriek of despair."
AUBREY DE VERE.

December 17

"Hitherto every political concession to Ireland has been deprived of all grace, and of half its value, by the reluctance and delay with which it was yielded."

THOMAS A. DICKSON.

"From Derry to Bundrowas Tower, Tirconnell broad was theirs ;
Spearmen and plunder, bards and wine, and holy abbots' prayers :
With chanting always in the house which they had builded high
To God and to St. Bernard,—whereto they came to die."
"Abbey Asaroe," by WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

December 18

"We do homage to Irish valour whether it conquered on the walls of Derry, or capitulated with honour behind the ramparts of Limerick."—THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"A yellow lion upon green satin,
The Standard of the heroes of the Red Branch,
Which Connor carried in battle,
During his frequent wars for the expulsion of foreigners."
THOMAS MOORE.

"For Orange and Green will carry the day !
Landlords fool'd us ;
England ruled us,
Hounding our passions to make us their prey !"
THOMAS DAVIS.

December 16

December 17

December 18

Shutting the gates of Derry against King James of
England, 1688.

December 19

"He whose hopes and thoughts for his country could be limited to the narrow span of his own life would not be worthy to hope or think for her at all."—ISAAC BUTT.

"And Hope from a heavenly note, flies on!"

THOMAS MOORE.

December 20

"The best poetry of every age purifies and elevates, and is the parent of noble impulses and great achievements. Its influence is of unmixed good; a law within the law; and the narrowest Utilitarian might admit it into his scheme of popular improvement as a distinct and powerful element of good."—SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

"Yet still, where'er our course we lay,
When evening bid the west wave burn,
I thought I heard her faintly say—
'Oh! soon return!'"

THOMAS MOORE.

December 21

"As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious."—OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S "Vicar of Wakefield."

"Sunny hours in every season,
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent,
Those who neither soar too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of winter, after all!"

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

December 19

December 20

Sir Martin Archer Shee born, 1769.

December 21

December 22

"The mother was left alone ; . . . but every night when the sun went down she placed a candle in the window of her room, and she kept it burning there until the morning ; then when the night was dark and stormy, the sailors could see the light, and they knew that they were near the dangerous rocks, and kept out of the way. She was only a lonely woman, but she saved more lives than I can tell you."

REV. W. F. STEVENSON, D.D.

"Her eyes clear dark as the pools of Slaney."

WILLIAM WILKINS.

December 23

"I never denied justice to a poor man for being poor, nor pardoned a rich man for being rich."—NICHOLAS FRENCH.

"To a Sprig of Mountain Heath.

"Go—to the breast of her I love,
And speak for me to that blue eye,
Breathe to that heart my fondest sigh,
And tell her in thy softest tone
That he who sent thee is—her own."

JAMES JOSEPH CALLANAN.

"In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine."

THOMAS MOORE.

December 24

"It is proof of higher power to combine new ideas out of what is before you, or to notice combinations not at first obvious, than to distinguish and separate. The latter tends to logic, which is our humblest exercise of mind ; the former to creation, which is our highest."—THOMAS DAVIS.

"Pray for me, mother darling, morn and night—
Your blessing shields me like an angel's wing.
Pray that your son may keep his God in sight—
A mother's love, what solace can it bring !
I will be true to Ireland, and my God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

FINOLA.

December 22

December 23

December 24

December 25

"Everything is God ; God is everything ; God is the only real substantial existence."—JOANNES SCOTUS ERIGENA.

"I love to hear the church bell call the Christian flock to pray,
To praise, and bless, and honour Him who sanctified the
day ;

And may each Christmas Festival, where'er man's feet
have trod,

Be found a Star of Betlehem, to guide him to his God !

Oh ! yes, these sacred Christmas times can pleasures still
bestow,

As in sweet childhood's purer years, a long time ago."

STEPHEN NOLAN ELRINGTON.

December 26

"We should not despond, but continue to exert the prime
and flower of our faculties, still recovering, and reaching on,
and struggling into the upper region, whereby our natural
weakness and blindness may be in some degree remedied,
and a taste attained of truth and intellectual life."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

"Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear,
The Sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom !"

MRS. TIGHE.

December 27

"'The Irish race will never make peace with England
till their rights as a nation, shamefully snatched away, shall
be frankly restored.' This has the ring of the true metal. To
that chord every Irish heart vibrates."—CANON DOYLE.

"Psyche ! thy soft and sympathizing heart
Shall share the rapture of thy loyal knight ;
He too in thy content shall bear a part."

MRS. TIGHE.

December 25

December 26

Dion Boucicault born, 1822.

December 27

T

December 28

"The public opinion of to-day (1880) points, with a remarkable directness and force, to the state of the land law in Ireland as the great cause of the wretched condition of the people."—CHARLES RUSSELL.

"The hour has struck ! at last in heaven
 The golden shield an angel smites !
 On Erin's altars thunder-riven
 A happier Destiny alights.
 'Tis done that cannot be undone ;
 The lordlier ages have begun."

AUBREY DE VERE.

December 29

"Dragooning and trying to break the spirit of the Irish people will always end—it always has ended—in politica brokenheartedness and failure."—WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

"But now, ye say, the land hath rest :—
 Aye, with the death-weights on her eyes,
 And fetter'd arms across her breast,
 And mail'd hands stifling down her cries !"
 LADY WILDE.

"I ask you, rulers of our land,
 Have ye done well for Ireland ?"
 LADY WILDE.

December 30

"I have entreated an attendance on this day that you might in the most public manner deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it."—"Declaration of Irish rights :"
 Speech of HENRY GRATTAN in the Irish House of Commons.

"Let us to our purpose bide,
 We'll have our own again !
 Let the game be fairly tried,
 We'll have our own again !"
 THOMAS DAVIS.

December 28

December 29

December 30

December 31

“Be the gloom of the present time short or long, it will not avail to hide great facts or subvert noble principles that are, as I maintain, inevitably hastening a brighter and better future for Ireland and for England.”—A. M. SULLIVAN.

“Arm of Erin, be strong ! but be gentle as brave ;
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save ;
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.”

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

“Erin ! O Erin ! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it, shall blossom at last.”

THOMAS MOORE.

December 31

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